To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Weld Boathouse, friends of Harvard Radcliffe rowing commissioned artist Ellen Kennelly ’81, a Harvard alumna as well, to create a suspended glass rowing sculpture. The piece – “Endurance” – was installed at Weld on October 4, 2009, using 1,600 1/32” compression sleeves for approximately 1,500 feet of cable. Kennelly, who was recruited to row “from the lunch line” at Harvard because of her height, has since become a successful sculler in the masters division. When not on the water, she is also known for her bronze sculpture work. A Harvard rowing friend saw a bronze sculling trophy Kennelly crafted for Cambridge Boat Club and helped the rowing club discover Kennelly’s talents. Realizing bronze would be out of place for the Harvard sculpture, Kennelly suggested a suspended installation piece made of glass – a medium in which she’d never worked.

The result is a 40-foot-long sculpture crafted out of 100% tubed pyrex – 1,000 feet of it – suspended 18 feet off the ground “in the skylit barrel-vaulted ceiling space of the boathouse’s upstairs atrium,” according to Row2k.com. “It evokes the passage of a single scull through the water . . . [and] consists of three pairs of oar puddles plus the bow and stern wakes of the hull.”

In preparation, Kennelly studied “surface patterns resulting from a single scull’s movement through water when viewed from above.” She created the sculpture’s components at her home studio in Lincoln, Mass. Kennelly spent four weeks on scaffolding, securing her first-ever installation. The first time she saw the completed piece was when a scaffolding crew removed the boards secured beneath it. “This is the biggest thing I’ve ever done. Everything I’ve done before, I can personally carry.”

Installing the piece was not an easy task. Ceiling attachments in the 100-year-old crumbly horsehair plaster required drilling out holes, packing in fresh plaster with a pastry bag, and then quickly stuffing in an exterior-grade coated screw protruding slightly, over which Kennelly would hang a crimped loop of stainless steel cable. Final steps included wiring all the ends together with #28 gauge wire, painting all cables and fittings, and then washing it all down with two gallons of distilled water in a garden sprayer.
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I defended my Ph.D. thesis in September, so it’s now official – I’m an astrophysicist. This job means I get to spend my days studying how star formation works in different types of galaxies, both brainstorming new observations and analyzing current data. It also means that I need a good response to: “Astrophysicist, whoa. What made you want to become an astrophysicist?”

Luckily, I have one: My astronomy classes at St. Paul’s. Not many high schools offer astronomy, so I feel very lucky to have been able to take such classes before college. In the falls, we spent four hours observing each week, looking for galaxies, double stars, and globular clusters, finding our way around the night sky. Each time we located a new celestial object, whether it was a moon of Jupiter or a distant galaxy, it felt like a major discovery.

For the winters and springs, we spent our observing time on self-initiated research projects. For my final project, I decided to catalogue the spectra of the 25 brightest stars in the Northern sky, determining to which spectral class each star belonged. To do this, I first had to learn all the details of the spectrograph system, including the telescope, tracking device, spectrum-producing grating, CCD camera, and computer. A small problem in one of these components often forced me to spend my entire observing time troubleshooting with Mr. Pacelli; other nights I obtained five good spectra in only two hours. The next hurdle was classifying the spectra. They looked nothing like the textbook spectra representing the different classes of stars. I was completely stumped for a few weeks. But slowly I put the pieces together, realizing what spectral range my data fell into and discovering that some of the strongest features were due to the Earth’s atmosphere and not the stars themselves. I will never forget how exciting it was to figure it all out.

Having spent the past three years researching full-time in observational astrophysics, this project now seems simple. But at the time it was completely new to me and thus had the feeling of real research. I didn’t know the answers, they weren’t at the back of the book, and I spent many hours very puzzled. This state of not-knowing is exactly how I spend much of my time today. I write telescope proposals to address a new question in star formation, then go observing and obtain new data. These data sometimes suggest my hypothesis was correct, sometimes that it was false, but they inevitably also bring to light some additional mystery, and so the cycle repeats.

But astronomy classes were not the only aspect of St. Paul’s that led me to become an astrophysicist. The key qualities of a good astrophysicist are curiosity and a healthy dash of creativity. I can still remember how my SPS classes encouraged these traits. We questioned what made Greek tragedy tragic, how to promote tolerance in multi-faith communities, and how to interpret the counterintuitive notions of quantum mechanics. We were turned loose to explore for our Fourth and Fifth Form humanities research projects. I really enjoyed researching the discovery of the North Pole and the history of basic algebra for these assignments.

Although I have now studied at Dartmouth, Oxford, and the University of Massachusetts and traveled to observe at telescopes in New Mexico, Spain, and Japan, I will never forget my classes at St. Paul’s nor those wonderful evenings of observing and discovery at the SPS Observatory.

— Alison Crocker ’02

Alison Crocker ’02 is a 2006 graduate of Dartmouth College, where she double majored in physics and mathematics. She was elected to a Rhodes Scholarship in 2006 and completed a D.Phil. in astrophysics at Oxford University (New College). She is currently a post-doctoral researcher in the Astronomy Department at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, where she studies the interaction between star formation and cold interstellar dust.
Chanler Obituary Corrections

The obituary of Bronson Chanler contained two errors: his mother was Leslie Murray Chanler (there was no such person as Evelyn Winthrop Chanler), and the Church of St. John the Evangelist is in Barrytown, N.Y., not Tarrytown. Please run these corrections in the next issue.

J. W. Aldrich ’61
Red Hook, N.Y.
December 15, 2009

What’s Wrong with Classical Music?

Your piece on hearing WSPS on your handheld (Fall 2009) lists the types of music played. A curious omission is classical music! What does the station have against such a large and important body of music? Would you teach English lit. without Shakespeare?

John R. McGinley ’54
Wilton, Conn.
December 15, 2009

(Editor’s note: WSPS does not play classical music, except for the Keiser Student Music Competition broadcast and other special programs. There is a station in Concord with an all-classical format that is very popular with local listeners.)

My SPS Classmate?

There’s a pretty good chance that Charles Waters’ father, “a retired Army colonel,” is my SPS classmate Chip Waters ’68. If so, I am disappointed this was not mentioned in the piece.

J. Ewing Walker, Jr. ’68
Houston, Texas
December 14, 2009

(Editor’s note: Col. Sumner “Chip” Waters ’68 is the father of Charles Waters ’05. We apologize for omitting that detail.)

GET IN TOUCH WITH US

Good intentions to share news and ideas with one’s alma mater often perish amidst the busy-ness of our lives. The Alumni Association wants to hear from you. Send items to the editor, Alumni Horae, St. Paul’s School, 325 Pleasant St., Concord, N.H.; or e-mail us at alumni@sps.edu.

Here are some ideas for information you might send:

► Letters to the Editor: Respond to what you have read in these pages. Agree or disagree with comments made here. One recent series of letters has debated the finer details of preposition punctuation for three issues!

► Photos: One photo is worth a thousand words! Send some as you pursue your adventures or gather with friends. We love photos of alumni gatherings.

► Memories: Share your memories of times and people at St. Paul’s School.
Mathematics and science have been taught superbly at St. Paul's School for many, many years. Teachers share discoveries with their students every day, examining microorganisms scooped from the School ponds, exploring the mathematics of quantum mechanics, photographing distant galaxies through New England's most powerful telescope. Our faculty of scientists and mathematicians is an extraordinary group of creative thinkers and inspirational guides in the objective exploration of our greater world, often leading the gifted students here in college-level learning and experimentation.

Pedagogy in mathematics and science has changed radically in recent years, and certainly since my experience as a St. Paul's School student. Rather than simply imparting knowledge, the best teachers today spend more time asking questions – sometimes questions for which they do not know the answers. Students meet that challenge on paper, in small discussion groups, in out-of-class collaboration, and in laboratories, where they don’t so much try to verify an answer they already know through set procedures, as to look for novel approaches to questions they may have created for themselves.

To provide an appropriate setting for this kind of learning, we will this spring begin construction of a remarkable new facility – a mathematics and science center where creative thinking, collaboration between the two disciplines, and experimentation take center stage. The building, beautifully designed, bright, and functional in every detail, will accommodate today’s best practices in math and science teaching and be flexible enough to house the kind of learning in future years that we cannot now predict.

The Lindsay Family Center for Mathematics and Science will be the culmination of a long, strategic process to provide appropriate spaces for all our academic programs. It is only through the astonishing generosity of St. Paul’s School families and friends that this dream is becoming a reality. The School owes an incalculable debt not only to the family of Robert V. Lindsay ’43 and Robert D. Lindsay ’73, for whom the School is honored to name this building, but to others as well, whose collective vision led them to allow this great initiative to proceed.

Mathematics and the sciences must discover radical new ways of answering our world’s dilemmas – our changing climate, enormous poverty, the scarcity of natural resources, and so many others. To teach and inspire service to others, locally and far away, is the purpose of this School. What happens in this new building, and by extension the natural habitat of our grounds, will give students at St. Paul’s School the tools to understand these challenges and to participate fully in discovering answers that will save and enrich lives everywhere.

I can’t tell you how thrilled I am for this School that we will soon have a facility that will place us at the forefront of the teaching of secondary school mathematics and science.

Bill Matthews
Brock, 18. “Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think I would be competing at Fenway Park, headquarters of my hometown Boston Red Sox. But on the heels of the NHL’s Winter Classic game between the Boston Bruins and Philadelphia Flyers, Brock and her University of New Hampshire women’s hockey teammates played in the shadow of the Green Monster at Frozen Fenway. The January 8 college hockey doubleheader featured UNH vs. Northeastern in the women’s game and Boston College and Boston University in the twilight men’s game. Brock, a freshman, got a regular shift on defense for the Wildcats, who came back from a 3–1 deficit to defeat Northeastern, 5–3, in the snow and wind of Fenway in January.

“I love the Red Sox, and going to Fenway for baseball games is a thrilling experience,” says Brock, 18. “Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think I would get the opportunity to play a college ice hockey game at Fenway. It was incredible.” The former All-ISL blueliner said the players had to adjust to the wind and snowy ice surface as well as the smaller rink size. Heated seats and frenzied fans helped keep some of the conditions at bay.

The game was a historic one for women’s hockey, marking the first-ever outdoor game in the collegiate sport’s history. Adds Brock, “I’m honored to have been a part of it.”

Frank Hunnewell ’56 took home two Daytime Entertainment Emmy awards, including Outstanding Children’s Series, for From the Top at Carnegie Hall. The national TV series is in its second season on PBS.

“I believe it underscores how valuable our programs have become for parents as a vehicle to engage their children through music and present them with positive peer role models,” says Hunnewell. The show also won the Emmy for Outstanding Achievement in Multiple Camera Editing, beating out The Oprah Winfrey Show and The View in that category. From the Top celebrates the passion, dedication and personal stories of the nation’s outstanding young classical musicians. “The success of winning the first Emmy definitely comes from our mission and our extraordinary internal production team, which scripts all our shows and auditions over 2,000 young artists a year, of which only about 200 will get on our weekly radio or TV series,” Hunnewell adds.

(Editors note: It is with great sadness that we report that Mr. Hunnewell, 71, died on January 24 of a pulmonary embolism while on a business trip in Tbilisi, Georgia.)

Alan Khazei ’79 received much positive press for his recent special election run in Massachusetts to fill the U.S. Senate seat left vacant by the passing of Ted Kennedy. The City Year founder received an important endorsement from the Boston Globe, which called him “Massachusetts’ best chance to produce another great senator. He offers a time-tested and relevant example of this approach: his two decades of work bringing together politicians of both parties and citizen–activists to develop a national service plan.” In his concession speech delivered on primary night, December 8, Khazei congratulated Democratic nominee Martha Coakley and told supporters, “Running for the United States Senate in Massachusetts to fill the U.S. Senate seat left vacant by our beloved Ted Kennedy has been among the greatest honors of my life.”

Los Angeles-based Meg MacRae ’88 recently left her job as assistant tour manager for the Eagles to take on a new role as production coordinator for Bon Jovi for the touring year of 2010. In her role with the Eagles,
MacRae traveled with the band, working with the tour manager to move the artists seamlessly from city to city. In her new job, MacRae will organize the needs of the crew. The tour includes stops in 25 cities by April and 14 shows at London’s O2 Arena in June. “I will be responsible for the entire movement of the crew — 65 people on six tour buses — as we go from city to city, in and out of hotels and venues,” says MacRae. “In addition, I am responsible for all aspects of setting up the production offices in the venues every day and all day-to-day duties of the production crew.”

**DODD LOOMIS ’98**

*Luck*, a show co-written and directed by Dodd Loomis ’98, opened off-Broadway in September. Over the last year, *Luck* enjoyed a run of more than 50 performances in Dublin and Cork, Ireland, and in Edinburgh, Scotland. The show won a number of awards, including six 4 Star reviews, the Dublin Little Gem Award, and *Time Out* London Theatre Critic’s Choice Award.

**SEVERINE FLEMING ’00**

Severine von Tscharner Fleming ’00 recently received the “Organic Spirit Award” for her work advocating for young farmers. Fleming is the director of a Hudson Valley-based non-profit called the Greenhorns, which works to promote, recruit, and support young farmers. She is also director of a documentary film of the same name that will appear on the Discovery Channel in 2010. Inspired by Ecology Action at SPS, the Greenhorns (www.thegreenhorns.net) host dozens of harvest festivals, young farmer mixers, and other educational/celebrational events around the country. Support for this work has come from the Flora Family Foundation, Newman’s Own Foundation, the Ben and Jerry Foundation, and many other private donations. Catch the Greenhorns next year in K-12 schools across the Northeast as part of a USDA program with Cornell University Extension.

**EADS JOHNSON ’02**

Johnson acted quickly, punching the dog three times until it released itshold. He and a friend then successfully wrestled the dog into a crate as the injured woman retreated to safety.

“Naturally I experienced no small amount of satisfaction in performing a good deed,” Johnson says, “especially after the woman’s condition stabilized and the hospital staff managed to save her arm and I was able to meet her. However, I think the most important message I can pass on is when you hear someone calling for help, don’t ignore it or assume someone else will take care of it; help to the best of your ability. Calling 911 can be as important as punching an attacking dog in the face and wrestling him to the ground.”

**LAURA KINSON ’07**

In an age where the pace of communications seems to be increasing at light speed, Laura Kinson ’07 has made her mark. The Emerson College junior marketing and communications major recently enjoyed 15 minutes of fame for a series of Twitter posts speculating on an announcement to be made by Emerson President Jackie Liebergott. “Like the rest of the Emerson campus, I received the ominous e-mail around 11 a.m. on December 3 that said ‘President Liebergott will make an important announcement concerning the future of the College at 2 p.m.’” said Kinson. “I was already on Twitter looking at the days’ news, when I saw a friend comment on the e-mail. Then I saw a few other people pop up with predictions of the big announcement that were obviously meant to be funny (Emerson Space Station, free tuition, etc.). I joined in and then thought, ‘Hey, I’d love to see all of these in one place, I should hashtag it!’” (For non-Twitter users, a hashtag is a way of grouping tweets on a common topic by putting a # in front of a key word or phrase.)

Having watched the Victoria’s Secret Fashion Show with friends the night before, Kinson settled on a hashtag of jackiesecret, expecting no more than 50 comments/predictions under the new topic. When all was said and done, whtagstagram reported 1,498 tweets from 306 contributors (Kinson was No.1 with 102 tweets). The majority of contributors were current students, but alumni (including Emerson grad Kevin Bright, one of the producers and creators of Friends), professors, and area-known Twitterati all jumped in and submitted comments using the hashtag. Kinson’s personal Twitter followers jumped from 129 to 234 within days. Kinson’s tweets also helped to fill the room as President Liebergott announced her 2011 retirement — at least 50 percent of the 120 attendees were students.

“Without Twitter, I really think maybe 10 kids would have shown up,” said Kinson. “Because of the anticipation we built through social media, we all wanted to know as soon as it happened. Nowhere else can I imagine this many students tweeting about a common theme, mostly because very few other schools have a very large Twitter community – gotta love those marketing geeks!”
Looking back at the start of coeducation at St. Paul’s – which had been an all-male institution for more than a century at that point – the task must have been daunting. But in reality, says Roberta “Rob” Tenney, the first female to join the SPS faculty when she arrived in the fall of 1970, history has embellished the difficulty of the transition.

“When I came on at St. Paul’s, I wasn’t burdened with the School’s past, so it was easy for me to envision coeducation,” says Tenney, faculty emerita who retired from her SPS post in 1996 and now serves as the head of standards in school improvement for the State of New Hampshire. “I worked with wonderful human beings, a Board and a Rector [Bill Oates] who were clear that coeducation was a priority – and it resonated with the community.”

While there were certainly bumps along the way – the exclusive use of the word “he” in the School viewbook for prospective students, a couple of hundred boys crowded into the Corner House common room, waiting to visit with the 19 girls who resided there – Tenney says it was early on in her tenure that she realized the School had turned the corner.

“I was running out a bit late, past Memorial Hall, to the first field hockey game when a boy coming from the field said, ‘Mrs. Tenney, we’re winning,’” she recalls. “That was the confirmation of what I already knew to be true – that we were a ‘we.’ The boys wanted the girls to be there and you really felt that inclusion.”

Tenney served in many capacities during her time at the School, including work in the classroom as a history teacher, time in the Admissions Office interviewing girls interested in St. Paul’s, and tireless work to increase student enrollment in science by 50 percent in her last five years at SPS.

Colleagues of Tenney during her 26 years at St. Paul’s should not be surprised that to this day she receives “wonderful long letters full of epiphanies out of the blue” from her former students. A group of those students managed to surprise her recently when they announced the formation of a steering committee to oversee the creation of a $1.5 million Roberta E.C. Tenney Endowment Fund.

“A chair in Roberta’s name would be the first of such honoring a woman faculty member,” says Heidi C. Horner ’73, who co-chairs the committee with Linda Holt Fairchild ’73. “She played a pivotal role in my life during my two years at St. Paul’s and beyond. She fortified my confidence in myself, challenged me to expand my thinking, and galvanized my drive to do something meaningful in the world. She is a terrific mix of strength and determination on the inside and humor and gentleness on the outside. I am proud to honor her legacy.”

Other members include Lilian F.B. Andrews ’73, Charles Bronson ’72, Debra Sistare Holsapple ’72, and Catherine Emerson Tenney ’97. The Tenney Chair is one of 12 in the process of formation to support exposure to excellence in science, technology, engineering, and mathematics in the Lindsay Family Center for Mathematics and Science (see feature on page 15).

“The [Tenney] Fund is named in honor of one of St. Paul’s most dedicated teachers, beloved by her students for her mentorship, enthusiasm, and her talent for pushing each student to his or her highest intellectual potential,” says the steering committee in its mission statement.

“The Fund’s ultimate goal is to support a faculty chair in Roberta Tenney’s honor to continue the SPS tradition in fostering the leaders of tomorrow by honoring the faculty whose influence has everlasting effect.”

Fearing that Tenney would hear through the grapevine about the group’s efforts in her honor, Horner called her former teacher this spring and shared the news.

“I was extraordinarily touched,” says Tenney, who lives in Concord, less than a mile from the School. “My whole professional life has been dedicated to thinking about how you educate children. This means a lot to me.”
Who Needs A Razor?

Each November for the last three years, a handful of brave faculty and students have for-gone their razors in the weeks leading up to Thanksgiving in honor of Beardvember, a facial-hair growing competition that spans turkey month in Millville.

Initiated by Lowell Reeve ’09, this year’s event was run by Will Schoder ’10 and Daniel Diaz ’11. Both students were participants in last year’s competition, where Diaz took “Best Overall Beard” and Schoder claimed the “Best Peach Fuzz” award.

Two–time Best Overall Beard winner Daniel Diaz ’11 credits his success to “good genes.”

This time around, each competitor received an award. And while the prizes ranged from “Most Looking Like a Caribbean Pirate” and “Most In Need of a Shave” to “Most Resistant to Swine–Flu” (won by Dr. John Bassi), Diaz once again earned the top honor for Best Overall Beard. His response? “Good genes. It’s all about trying to make it as clean and even as you possibly can.”

The competition kicked off with a lively Chapel announcement and ended with a group of haggard–looking – but smiling – men. Diaz views Beardvember as “definitely the hardest event of the school year. You have to overcome extreme obstacles. The first seven days bring itchiness, and many girls see it as an unsightly month. Unfortunately, a bunch of guys quit halfway through. They just can’t make it.”

Grade A: Egg Drop in Payson

As a heavy snow fell on Con-cord for the first time this season, Physics First students were gathered on a December morning in the stairwell of Payson Science Center, dropping eggs from 8.45 meters into a masking–taped target below.

The students, members of science teacher Mary Ann Watt’s B–block class, were charged with designing a device that would protect a large Grade A egg from breaking when dropped from above. Students participated in a healthy in–class competition to design the device with the lightest weight, the fewest number of parts, and the most accurate fall to the drop zone target.

“In their reports, they are asked to calculate energy, impulse, momentum, speed, and velocity – all things we’ve been learning about this year,” said Watt, who also guided her C–block students through the competition.

Students took various approaches to protecting their eggs. Lab partners Jaelen Buxton–Punch ’13 and Cort Weatherley–White ’13 used a parachute model, attaching a plastic Shaw’s grocery bag to a small Gatorade bottle. They stuffed the bottle with tissues to pad the egg on impact, cutting a hole in the side of the bottle and re–sealing it with duct tape to insert the egg.

“We thought it would be best to have the bottle and stuff it with something soft so the egg would feel no immediate impact,” said Buxton–Punch, whose egg made a successful landing. “Cort came up with the idea for the parachute to reduce air resistance and impact.”

Prior to the start of the contest, each student–invented device was weighed, parts were counted, and the drop zone target was constructed as three concentric rings.

Student teams were awarded points for placement of their devices inside the rings.

In their final post–drop reports, students were asked to calculate the average velocity of their device during its fall, velocity and momentum upon impact if air resistance is neglected, impulse imparted by the floor, potential energy of the device (including the egg) relative to the floor upon release, and kinetic energy of the device (including the egg) upon impact. In their analysis, the students were asked to consider the rationale behind their designs and what improvements they might make if faced with the same task again.

For two hours a night, six nights a week, two student prefects assist with inventory, shelve periodicals, and provide an extra presence where needed, acting as the staff’s “eyes and ears and setting the tone for the library,” explained Kevin Barry, director of Ohrstrom Library.

“It’s important for students to have as many leadership opportuni-ties as possible,” added Barry, noting that Ohrstrom received nearly 60 applications to fill 12 library prefect slots – six each from the Fifth and Sixth Forms.

Librarian Lura Sanborn noted her own appreciation for the student leaders, who are able to provide insight into student needs that the staff is sometimes unable to represent.

Larger Than Life

The gallery in Hargate is usually reserved for display of finished work. But sometimes the process and the result join together, underscoring the SPS gallery’s mission as a working space.

Just before the winter break, students created larger–than–life self–portraits mounted directly to the gallery walls. Printed on a strip from a “brown paper bag” roll in the gallery, the Portrait Project asked painting, drawing, and advanced portfolio students to produce a 32” x 40” vertical piece in any medium. The idea behind the giant scale, was to teach students to take big ideas down to small details.

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Student teams were awarded points for placement of their devices inside the rings.
“The big format reinforces that idea,” said Arts Division Head Ian Torney.

The Portrait Project installation filled a traditional exhibit gap in the brief juncture between the Thanksgiving and Christmas holiday breaks. Students worked quickly to meet the deadline for the December 16 opening in Hargete. The show followed on the heels of the fall exhibit Larger Than Life, which featured 34 artists, including local painter Chris Pothier.

Pothier, a Concord resident, visited with classes on December 7, sharing examples of his own large-style portrait work. The artist made the rounds in Torney’s Advanced Portfolio class, advising students as they worked in their chosen media – oil and acrylic paint, pen and ink, Sharpie, chalk, and duct tape.

**Two Minutes a Day of War and Peace**

If you’ve ever lamented your lack of time to simply sit down and read a book, Tom Owen ’11 may have a solution for you. Over the summer, Owen worked from home as an extern for DailyLit (www.dailylit.com), a New–York based web site that serializes books into small segments and e-mails them daily to subscribers so they can take small bites out of their reading lists.

Initially focused on the idea of creating a horror novel series, Owen instead made use of his SPS roots in his work for the site. Charged with creating his own serialization, the 17-year-old from Stonington, Conn., chose to blog about books written by St. Paul’s alumni. The resulting series is similar to one DailyLit recently created to e-mail subscribers daily tours of Western art.

“Monday you get the Mona Lisa and Tuesday you get David,” said Owen, who used the online Alumni Horae archives for most of his SPS author research. “I was surprised by many of the authors, particularly [Owen Wister’s (Form of 1877)] *The Virginian*. The basic template for any Clint Eastwood or John Wayne movie was created by somebody who went to St. Paul’s.

“This site cuts the book into bite-sized chunks,” added Owen, and e-mails them to you every day. They can send you two minutes of *War and Peace* a day if you want.

Owen expects the SPS authors’ series to be available for subscription this winter and hopes his work will provide a valuable resource for anyone wishing to learn more about the School. Among the books featured in Owen’s blog are *Send: Why People Email So Badly and How to Do It Better* by Will Schwab, ‘80, *The Piano Teacher* by Janice Y.K. Lee ’80, and *Proust’s Way* by Roger Shattuck ’41.

**Winter Service Team**

With 16 winter interscholastic teams, athletics are an integral part of St. Paul’s during the colder months. But for students looking for something different, the one-year-old service team has offered a valuable alternative.

Also available to students in the fall and spring terms, the service team is a direct result of the school’s five-year Strategic Plan, adopted in 2007. As the document explains, the School’s goal is “to expand in our students their sense of obligation to serve others and a greater good.”

Putting plan into action four days a week, a group of St. Paul’s students travels to downtown Concord with a faculty adviser. They meet up with young African refugees, helping them with their homework, integrating them into life in America, and acting as big brothers and sisters. Max Lawrence ’11 happily explained that not only has he “met a lot of kids who are really cool people, but I’ve developed a bond with them.”

Students receive athletic credit for a term and 10 hours for their yearly COP requirement.

The Reverend Richard Greenleaf guided the fall service team, through which 11 students worked with local elementary school kids in the Active Creative Enrichment Program.

**Music with a Message**

The socially conscious a cappella of the six–member, all–female, African–American Sweet Honey in the Rock reminded the community of St. Paul’s to stand up for freedom, to treat others with respect, to love themselves and others and – echoing the School Prayer – to be kind.

One of the first songs in the group’s set at SPS on November 5 was “4 U 2 Know U Grow,” which reminds, “It’s the little things you do for someone else. It’s the kindness that you show without being asked. Never looking for rewards for being nice.”

Group member Carol Mailard described the song and others in the repertoire as “things we want young people to know as they are growing up.”

A group of similarly intentioned songs performed in Memorial Hall came from Sweet Honey’s 2008 Grammy–nominated *Experience...101*.

Sweet Honey in the Rock visited St. Paul’s School as Conroy Visitors. The program brings distinguished guests to the School to expose students to different fields toward which they may aspire.

Founded in 1973, Sweet Honey in the Rock has included 23 members at various times over the years. The current six – Maillard, sisters Aisha Kahlil and Nitanju Casel, Louise Robinson, Ysaye Barnwell, and performance sign interpreter Shirley Saxon – demonstrated the group’s roots in gospel, blues, spirituals, jazz improvisation, and African chants. They are known for music that addresses issues of civil rights, justice, love, peace, and hope.

After a break for lunch, Sweet Honey presided over a master class widely attended by SPS music students and members of the School Choir and Madrigal Singers. There the songstresses demonstrated their creative process as they worked through their work-in-progress version of the Manhattan Transfer song “Operator.”

The SPS Madrigal Singers performed for the visitors as well, singing “Blue Moon,” a song new to their own repertoire.
By Dr. Berkley Latimer

George H. McFadden Master in History

PART I: THE GIFT

A sense of place and a love for Millville’s “green fields and trees, streams and ponds” have enthralled generations of Paulies. Thus the delight of Ohrstrom Library Director Kevin Barry and archivist David Levesque was understandable when Richard Schade ’62 – former “fac brat,” Advanced Studies Program master teacher, Honorary German Consul, and professor of German at the University of Cincinnati – presented Ohrstrom this summer with a special gift: a handsome 1858 map of Merrimack County by H. F. Walling.

What was surprising and made the gift so welcome is its inclusion of St. Paul’s School only two years after its April 3, 1856, opening. While practical considerations (such as steam line placement) have resulted in the drafting of various working maps, and while love of the School has prompted the creation of aesthetic ones (e.g., commercial artist Coulton Waugh’s 1929 map and faculty member Bill Abbé’s 1960 and 1970 maps), these were designed for “internal” constituencies. The 1858 map, on the other hand, was a public document of broad appeal that circulated to a far wider audience. One might reasonably ask whether this map is the earliest published cartographic reference to St. Paul’s School.

Prof. Schade explains that the document had belonged to his father, Gerhard Schade, distinguished German master at SPS (1936–71) and a lover of history, literature, and maps. When the elder Schade died in 1999, it fell to his son to inventory and organize his papers, which led to the discovery of the map. While Schade does not know exactly how his father acquired the map, he believes it was through a connection at the School. In examining the map, Schade was struck by the very early reference to the School, as well as the identification of Millville families by name. He got the idea of donating the map to the School while curating a summer exhibit at Ohrstrom marking the 20th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall. Proximity led to discussions with Barry and Levesque, and it became “instantly apparent” that the library was the right place for this artifact. Indeed, Barry hopes that at some point the map can be placed on permanent and prominent display.

An examination of the map reveals that, while in need of some restoration, overall it is in good condition. Printed on fabric-backed paper, delicately colored, and rod-mounted, the 147 cm x 151 cm map is extremely detailed. It includes virtually every building in the county, most with owners’ names. A particularly interesting feature of the map is the profusion of illustrations on the periphery. The inclusion of such images was not uncommon, as maps of the period often functioned as a type of civic boosterism intended to advertise the profile of thriving localities in industrial antebellum America. Sometimes individuals even paid to have images of their private residence or place of business included.

Among the map’s many illustrations is a richly detailed depiction of Concord’s second train depot, at which founder George Cheyne Shattuck, Jr., would have alighted when traveling from Boston to his Millville home. Alas, this handsome structure, built in 1842 shortly after the railroad reached Concord, burned in 1858, to be replaced by an ugly flat-roofed (!) station that was itself replaced in 1885 with the grand Victorian terminal that was finally demolished in 1962 – a victim
of urban renewal as then conceived. In addition to a wood-burning locomotive arriving at the station, numerous carriages and wagons are depicted in front of the edifice – including one narrative vignette portraying several men trying to calm a panicky horse hitched to a wagon and frightened by the approaching “iron horse.” This tableau was particularly apt given Concord’s then contemporary prominence in carriage manufacturing (the city’s largest employer was the Abbott Coach Manufactory with 175 employees – at that time the “largest factory in America making coaches and carriages”) and its later emergence as a major northern New England rail center.

In addition to illustrations, the map offers numerous statistical tables on population (1850 census), businesses, education, and religion. Likewise, there are a number of insets that show in greater detail built-up areas such as Concord with its 8,584 inhabitants and Hopkinton with its 2,169.

Focusing on the immediate vicinity of the School, one notes the original Dunbarton Road branching off Hopkinton Road and cutting through the center of the grounds. On the left (Chapel) side of the road one sees a B[jacksmith] S[hop], a Carriage Shop, Moses Shute’s cottage, and finally the Shattuck farmhouse, now re–titled St. Paul’s School. On the unnamed intersecting road (today’s Library Road) that bridges the Turkey River are the gristmill (Hargate side) and the sawmill (Simpson side) and across the street the Miller’s Cottage (subsequently enlarged and remodeled in 1878 and moved to its present location in 1892). Close attention to the map discloses various interesting discrepancies and lacunae. For example, the Shute family name (Scudder House is a replica of Moses Shute’s cottage) is spelled Shulte. (Variant spellings were commonplace at the time.) Similarly, while Little Turkey Pond was so denominated, the 170–acre “Big Turkey” was then listed as “Great Turkey Pond.” No early names are provided for the Lower School Pond or Library Pond, which at that time were likely viewed as a single entity and probably just known as the mill pond.

A final interesting point possibly related to the Walling map is that August Heckscher’s scholarly and engaging 1980 history of St. Paul’s contains as its first map one entitled “Millville 1858.” This elegant rendering was drawn by Brooke Roberts ’70, according to Heckscher’s specifications. In a March 14, 1979, letter to Roberts preceding a meeting between the two in Newport (RI), Heckscher notes, “I shall have with me rough maps of my own, along with basic maps from which you can draw verification. Mine will show what should be included. . . .”

An interesting question is whether Heckscher’s “rough maps of my own” were based upon Walling’s 1858 map. A search of Ohrstrom’s archives turned up the Heckscher packet of materials shared with Roberts, but there is no reference to Walling’s 1858 map. In any case, it seems unlikely that Heckscher was familiar with the Walling map, given that the Roberts’ map, in accordance with Heckscher’s instructions, shows both the gristmill and sawmill on the Hargate side of the dam. On the Walling map they are clearly on opposite sides. This fact, plus the inclusion of the Old Chapel, leads one to suspect that Heckscher’s directions were based upon his own amalgam of traditions and documents. If not based on Walling’s 1858 map, why did Heckscher choose the date 1858 for the first map in his history? A likely explanation is that the date was chosen for its own significance in School history, as it marked the laying of the cornerstone (St. Peter’s Day, June 29,1858) and the rapid completion that same year of the Old Chapel, the first major construction at the fledgling school.

As noted earlier, the cartographer responsible for the production of the 1858 map was H[enry] F[rancis] Walling (1825–81). Professor of civil and topographic engineering at Lafayette College in his later years, Walling was one of the premier surveyor/cartographers of mid–nineteenth century America. Indeed, by 1858, Walling had produced maps of every county in New England and had begun to extend the range of his empire of maps and atlases to the Mid–Atlantic states and the upper Midwest.

Born in Rhode Island, Walling originally did most of his own survey work. Undoubtedly because of the growth of his firm, the H. F. Walling Map Establishment (where the 1858 map was “engraved, printed, colored & mounted”), Walling did not personally do the surveys for the Merrimack County map, though they were done under his direction. Not surprisingly, Walling worked mainly out of Boston but by 1856 had begun to relocate the firm to New York (Philadelphia, New York, and Boston then being the epicenters of American cartography), as his focus turned increasingly to the mid–Atlantic region. This would explain the dual New York and Boston addresses of his publisher, Smith & Peavy.

It is right to return to the question of whether the Walling map marks the first published cartographic reference to St. Paul’s School. Paradoxically, it appears that this 1858 text both merits and fails to merit the distinction. How can this be? Part II chronicles the quest for an answer.
ATHLETICS

Impact of a second chance

By Austen Earl ’97

Longtime crew and cross country coach Chip Morgan.

It's been 13 years and I can still hear his footsteps behind me. They are loud and belligerent, like the snaps of wet towels on concrete. I don’t have to turn around to know what he looks like. His sinewy 50-year-old body pounding along the pavement, his head cocked 45 degrees to the side, those long, swimmer hands curled down toward his wrists like talons as he passes kids three times his junior with surprising ease. We’re eight miles into the notorious Hopkinton cross-country workout and everything burns. I want to stop. I want to look behind me. But neither is an option. To stop or look backwards is to lose. And when Mr. Morgan is behind you, losing just isn’t part of the equation.

In the fall of the 1995, I returned to Millville for my Fifth Form year a troubled kid. It was my second year at St. Paul’s, and I was terrified to face another term of HPs from Mr. Soule in my favorite subject, English. On top of that, I could count the number of close friends I had there on a closed fist. And mostly I was tired of trying to shift around my combinations of clothing to hide the fact that my family didn’t have the money to spring for a new wardrobe on top of tuition, books, and living expenses. I came back convinced that I should be back in my public school, where I could excel academically, be with my childhood friends, and wear basketball shorts to class every day.

Dropping my stuff off in Kitt III that first week, my mental state was hovering somewhere pretty close to miserable. Looking back, it’s easy to see why I made such a terrible decision when my friend Steve showed up that Saturday night with a bottle of whiskey stashed in the trunk of his car. I remember that Saturday because it was the first time in my life that I’d ever been drunk. It was also the time I got busted for drinking. Steve and I clinked glasses, then downed a water glass full of whiskey in one long, easy chug. Then there were some little flashes of Mr. Silva asking me at the New Space dance if I’d been drinking. And the next memory I have is waking up in the health center with my parents halfway down I-89. They were racing to school because I’d apparently talked about wanting to commit suicide while in a full blackout.

Questions were asked, details were rehashed, and, after I stated my regret, Mr. Morgan served me my punishment: Probation, suspension with three days of on-campus work duty, an extended period of On Bounds – and worst of all – banishment from the cross country team for the rest of the season.

This punishment was not cruel nor was it unusual. In Mr. Morgan’s then-27-year career as a cross country and crew coach, the rules could not have been simpler. Break a substance-abuse rule and you’re off his teams. Period. He had never flexed once on it and he wasn’t about to start with me. So, in the next few days as my crime and punishment were read aloud in Chapel and I spent my days sweeping acorns off the very track where I used to practice, I continued to withdraw.
I ended up signing on for a basketball league at Bishop Brady High School in Concord and spent four nights a week playing hoops off campus. My grades started to slip even more, I ate alone in the cafeteria, and I spent my nights on the Kitt III pay phones crying to my parents, begging them to let me come home. It was a downward spiral circling toward an obvious answer: I was going to destroy the biggest gift I’d ever received – my St. Paul’s education.

What I didn’t know was that while I was preparing for my inevitable exit, an incredible act of forgiveness and salvation was forming behind my back, one that would save my life at Millville.

Apparently, in a series of meetings, Mr. Hirschfeld and Mr. Morgan had been talking about me. They’d seen me leaving campus every day for basketball. They saw me eating alone in the Upper. They were deeply concerned that a kid with solid potential was blowing his chance because of insecurities and self-destructive behavior. Ultimately, Mr. Morgan came to the difficult conclusion that if I didn’t get a second chance, SPS would be all over for me. Later that week, he took me aside and, for the first and only time in his entire 40-year coaching career, offered a guilty athlete a chance to rejoin his team.

Long story short, I accepted, trained my behind off, became an All-New England runner, got most of my grades up to the H and HH level, captained two teams at St. Paul’s, won the Gordon Medal, and graduated from Brown, where we won Henley in crew. More recently, I sold my first television screenplay, married a great girl, and have just heard the news that Mr. Morgan will be retiring at the end of this year and find myself overcome with sadness.

It’s not sadness for Mr. Morgan or his amazing wife, Lynne (who makes a mean pre-New Englands sundae, I might add), who have dedicated themselves so fully to St. Paul’s, but for the tremendous void that will be left in his wake come this June. It is immeasurable.

Not only is he the “winningest” coach in St. Paul’s history, with 24 of the 38 ISL cross country titles sitting on his mantel, but he is also an absolute legend with the students he’s coached, taught, and advised. For 40 years, he has strapped on the running shoes and run with his cross country teams, pushing them to be the best they can be. For 40 years, he has taken regular, average Joes and turned them into ISL, New England, national, and Henley champions. For 40 years, he has worked with kids like me who just needed a little extra coaching, a little extra pushing, and a little extra help to see that we could be great. I wish I had the time to investigate just how much his former students and athletes have achieved in their lifetimes. I have no doubt the results would be mind-boggling.

Going back to that decision Mr. Morgan made on my behalf in 1995, I can’t begin
### Fall Sports Highlights

It was another stellar fall for the SPS cross country program as the boys went 14–1, placing second in both the ISLs and New Englands, while the boys – in Coach Chip Morgan’s final season – finished at 15–3, including fourth in the ISL and sixth in the region. Allie Gurney ’10 (seventh) led a pack of seven SPS runners, who finished within 1:22 of each other at the ISL race. Nate Sans ’10 set a Middlesex course record at the ISLs, winning the individual title in 15:56.

The SPS football program took a step forward, winning two of the last four games to finish at 2–6. All-ISL quarterback Tom Johnson ’10 found Honorable Mention All–ISL Chalker Kansteiner ’10 for a diving fourth–down catch in the end zone to seal the team’s first win – against St. George’s on Family Weekend. Punter Tom Gehret ’10 and DL Jeff Winthrop ’11 were other HM picks on a team with many strong contributors.

A 4–8–2 season for the girls soccer program was highlighted by a 0–0 deadlock with New England power Andover under the lights on October 16. Coach Joe Donnelly called the game “my proudest moment as a coach.” Sixth Form captains Gaby Ransom (All–ISL, 7g, 6a) and Maddie Joyce (HM All–ISL) led the Big Red in scoring this fall while Christine Ferguson ’11 anchored the defense.

### Sports Summary

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As autumn leaves whirled to the ground around them in October, science and math faculty and students crossed the St. Paul's campus to the White Barn, heading for a garage that usually houses the School’s red mini-bus fleet.

Emptied of its mini-buses, the barn became the stage for a critical piece of the design process for the proposed new 78,000-square-foot Lindsay Family Center for Mathematics and Science (see sidebar): a professionally built-to-specs model laboratory, with an attached classroom. SPS Science Division Head Jeff Crosby describes the scene: By moving fittings and equipment around until the best possible configurations were reached, faculty arranged the 2,000-square-foot lab and classroom spaces they felt they needed to teach their subjects. Nothing was left to chance — the height of work tables and benches, the width of the passing space between lab stations, the storage cabinets, the set-up needed for students to run their laptops, the positioning of white boards and projection units — even the size of the sinks and the height of the faucets, which at first were deemed too low to accommodate lengthy graduated cylinders. As Crosby points out, this attention to detail — a step practiced by hospitals, hotels, and other buildings that will house repeating units — is critical from a financial sustainability perspective.

“We made over 150 tweaks to the design in the mock lab, which costs nothing compared to making the changes later,” he says. “Underlining this project is the need for fiscal responsibility. We took our time getting the design right, testing our assumptions.”

Crosby spent many an evening alone in the model lab, which sat just yards from his Dunbarton Road house, simply contemplating the space, assimilating the lessons of the day’s experimentation in layout and functionality, and, piece by piece, understanding the reality of what it would take to build a stunning yet appropriate high school math and science facility.

“Good spaces facilitate great things happening,” says Crosby, looking toward the School’s academic future.
If all goes according to schedule, ground will be broken this spring on the long- and eagerly awaited Lindsay Center. Crosby leads a planning committee that has spent several years laying the virtual foundation of a visionary academic facility to serve science and math students at St. Paul’s for many years to come.

The new three–level edifice will be spectacular in every way: aesthetically, as a state–of–the–art teaching and learning center, and, at its forefront, as the most modern example of sustainable design on the St. Paul’s campus.

Much of the need for a new home for math and science is obvious on a quick tour of the Moore Building, home to the Mathematics Division, and the Payson Memorial Science Building. Of all the “things” that make up a campus, buildings are the most inflexible and are often swiftly outpaced by change: evolving vision and leadership, expanding enrollments, changing curricula and teaching practices, or fantastic new technologies.

The robotics lab is one of the first classrooms visitors see upon entering Payson. Robotics is a busy–looking space crammed with metal fittings and odd bits of things, computer monitors, benches, chairs – and students. Just outside the door, a display cabinet proudly showcases the students’ efforts at the FIRST Robotics Granite State Regional Challenge. In their initial forays into FIRST – an elimination–style event that requires robots and their human drivers to face off in order to progress through the competition – the robotics classes of 2008 and 2009 were finalists, fine achievements for the newcomers.

But, as if being the new kids on the FIRST block weren’t enough, the robotics students faced an additional, more fundamental, barrier to deal with on a daily basis – the cramped lab space that barely fit them, their equipment, and their inventions. At its core, the need for a new math and science facility is about “right–sizing,” explains Crosby. In the more than 50 years since Moore and Payson were opened, enrollments in the disciplines have nearly tripled. This has drastically affected the way space can actually be used in the buildings and the way courses are taught.

Elsewhere in Payson, equipment needed for labs is stored here and there, often in the rabbit–warren–like basement, which often stymies teachers’ chances of spontaneously demonstrating a principle of math or science when such a learning moment arises.

Some spaces are shared by different disciplines at the same time – a teacher and students in one half of a room might have to ignore a lab going on behind them. Across the quad in Moore, 15 students squeeze into classrooms that were originally built for 10 – at the most. On–the–fly renovations have resulted in illogically flowing spaces that don’t support expansion – the switch for a bathroom fan was discovered wedged against a bookcase on the interior wall of an adjacent math study space, and so on. Compounding it all is the narrow office shared by 13 teachers (that this is tolerated is a triumph of good humor and sucking elbows into one’s sides).

Designing a center that can serve students and teachers in both the present and the future has been a huge undertaking, says Crosby. The process and the attention to detail have been worth the effort though. The Lindsay Center will be a physical symbol of the School’s commitment to providing students with a rigorous, enriching academic experience as well as an example of environmental responsibility.

The structure will be built around Payson, in the shape of a “U” so that classes won’t be affected during construction (and eliminating the need for temporary quarters). Once the building is completed, Payson will be demolished, leaving a space for a courtyard.

The building’s design promises to showcase some special monuments of science and math, which, says Crosby, will make it one of the region’s leading high school facilities. St. Paul’s is already home to the largest telescope in New England and will add to its astronomy curriculum with two new telescopes in a solar observatory located at one corner of the building. The front ends of the “U” will house a new greenhouse and a Foucault pendulum, a 70–pound ball suspended from a 60–foot cable that demonstrates Earth’s rotation through its oscillation. The pendulum will hang down a stairwell, above a compass rose on the ground floor – a symbol upon entering the building of the space’s joint purpose of teaching math and science.

The Lindsay Center will accommodate the existing science and math enrollment and teaching faculty. The building will include 14 science labs, 21 classrooms, two lounge/study rooms, and faculty offices. But numbers don’t tell the complete story, says Crosby. The Lindsay Center’s impact on teaching and learning will be profound, he predicts.

The new design incorporates dedicated classrooms and labs for all courses – not an inch of space will be wasted. The location of each course’s space has been carefully considered to foster innovation and collaboration. Classrooms and labs for ecology, physiology, and robotics will be found on the ground floor. The first floor will house labs and preparation spaces for advanced chemistry, physics, and astronomy; six math classrooms; and biology classrooms that lead into the

It will be a good time to be a math or science student at SPS, to study in a dedicated space designed with vision, creativity, and attention to detail.
new greenhouse. The second floor will be a busy place with a suite of chemistry and biology classrooms and labs, two physics labs, and four math classrooms.

The second floor also features a study lounge for students and the faculty office, an open–plan space that, says Math Division Head Jane Brandt, will foster collaboration. The vision, she says, is to provide math and science faculty with the opportunity for spontaneous interactions, which she expects to encourage interdisciplinary discussions.

“There’s no plan for integrating the disciplines,” she explains. “It will be a natural thing. Just the proximity will promote discussion between math and science teachers.”

To complete the design puzzle, KMW Architects was charged with creating a building that would meet St. Paul’s commitment to environmental stewardship. This required overcoming a substantial fundamental challenge: Building designs are usually the most energy–inefficient buildings on campuses. These buildings typically house equipment that generates substantial heat, with many exhaust devices. For safety reasons, the air in science buildings needs to be replaced with a fresh round every six hours, a heat–exchange process that uses abundant energy.

The key feature of the Lindsay Center’s sustainable design is a sensor system that controls the interior climate. Each room will have its own carbon dioxide sensor, a device that samples the air and sends the data to the central system, which then “decides” whether that room needs new or re–circulated air. The system can also send air where it’s needed: Excess heat generated by the server room will be shunted to the greenhouse, where tropical plants will welcome it.

Given New Hampshire’s climate, the building’s ability to maximize and retain its heat during winter is a critical component of the sustainability plan, says Crosby. To make the most of passive solar energy, the design includes single–loaded corridors, a technique in which rooms are placed between the building’s external walls and the hallways that run along the interior walls. Strategic placement of external windows and interior glazing enables sunlight to move easily through the building, maximizing natural light and warmth. Triple–pane windows will reduce heat loss by 50 percent; solar thermal panels will preheat water; and a demonstration photovoltaic system will produce on-site electricity. Overall, the building is designed to use approximately one-third less energy than similar buildings.

For Crosby and Brandt, the groundbreaking this spring can’t come soon enough. If all goes according to plan, the Lindsay Center will be completed in the fall of 2011. It will be a good time to be a math or science student at St. Paul’s, to study in a dedicated space designed with vision, creativity, and attention to detail— one imagined in the present, for the future.
City Saviors

By Richard L. Gaw
Bill Taylor and Chris Buccini — “BT” and “Bucc” as they were known when the 1990 graduates attended St. Paul’s in the late 80s — are driving in Buccini’s SUV down Market Street in Wilmington, Delaware, and for the length of several blocks on either side of them is clear evidence of a downtown on the brink of a rebirth.

Storefronts, once ruddy with neglect, are receiving new exterior facing. Residences previously abandoned are now opening their doors to artists, bankers, and entrepreneurs. There are bistros now where eyesores once held sway. There is life again here. Downtown Wilmington is a city of anticipation.

Buccini points to his right, over Taylor’s shoulder. “We’re opening those apartments today,” he says. He then points to his left, to the other side of Market, to a man re-facing the front of a small store. “Look at that guy. It’s incredible what’s going on down here,” he says. Taylor knows the storekeeper. He says to Buccini, “He’s stoked about what’s happening, and he told me he wants his place to look good.” They’ll never say it; modesty forbids them to actually come out and claim it, but ask any civic leader, investor, or person connected to the beating pulse of this city of 70,000 and they will say that Taylor and Buccini, Wilmington boys and graduates of St. Paul’s, are two of this city’s biggest dreamers and architects. And they are partly responsible for this magical rebirth.
Two years ago, the Buccini/Pollin Group, a real estate acquisition, development, and management company headquartered in Wilmington and co-partnered by Buccini, acquired a 31-building, five-block section of Lower Market Street with the idea of revitalizing one of the city's most historic districts. The keystone piece of that renovation is the Queen Theater, a five-story, two-tiered, 2,000-seat venue built in 1915 and closed since 1959. In 2008, on the heels of the Buccini/Pollin purchase, World Café Live, an institution of new music on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania, had made a commitment to the City of Wilmington to open a fully operational music venue and house it at the restored Queen, along with restaurants, retail stores, and classrooms for arts education.

In October 2008, Buccini hired his old formmate Taylor to become the executive director of the theater's fundraising organization, and together he and Buccini have raised the funding to get the renovation of the historical building underway.

You can believe in the cosmos. You can chalk it up to fate, or destiny, or whatever it took to link two old friends together again for such a worthy cause. After all, Taylor and Buccini have known each other since they were little boys, when they played for the Westover Wildcats baseball team. Taylor pitched. Buccini played in the outfield. Taylor arrived in Concord in the fall of 1986, and Buccini followed him two years later. They went to Princeton together. Yet the truth of their friendship is that they are not joined at the hip. They are two very different people. Buccini spends his days in suits. His dark hair is neatly combed. Taylor favors the relaxed fit of an artist, and shaves only when he truly feels the need. Over the course of their lives, one went this way and the other that. But lifelong friendships have a way of finding their way back, and in the end, what reunited them was more a matter of circumstances, bold initiatives, and a really huge storm.

“I was ready and ripe to broaden my horizons when I left Wilmington after the eighth grade to come to St. Paul’s,” says Taylor, who spent four years at the School. “St. Paul’s allowed me explore who I was, to dig into passions I had and find some that I didn’t know were there.” By the time he had reached St. Paul’s, Taylor had fallen head over heels in love with music of many genres. Soon after arriving on campus, he found himself floating over to the Deadhead crowd and hanging with the School’s theater troupes. He played Sir Toby Belch in a production of Twelfth Night. He directed a production of Waiting for Godot. He stayed up late with friends in St. Paul’s dorm rooms listening to Dylan, Neil Young, Bob Marley and other reggae. Conversely, Buccini, who arrived at St. Paul’s two years later, was a wrestler and football player; and although he was at first most comfortable around other jocks, he found himself drifting into other groups. “St. Paul’s gave me the widest spectrum of friends I’ve ever had, before or since,” Buccini says. “That diversity is the unexpected jewel of the place.”

After his graduation from Princeton, Buccini became a real estate investment banker with two New York–based firms before joining Buccini/Pollin Group, where he eventually became a partner, along with his brother Rob and David Pollin. He kept in touch with Taylor by listening to the Internet airing of Taylor’s late-night radio show on WWOZ, a famous jazz and blues station in New Orleans. Taylor had been living in the Crescent City for several years, drawn there on a visit to see his brother, who was a student at Tulane University. He loved the city so much on first visit that he decided to stay there. He later left radio to manage Tipitina’s Music Club, the famed music venue on the corner of Napoleon and Tchoupitoulas Avenues.

When the levees gave way on August 29, 2005, Taylor wasn’t anywhere near New Orleans. He was a nine-hour drive away, in Asheville, North Carolina, where he had arrived two days before to kick around with his staff the idea of opening an artist co-op office similar to the one he had helped start in New Orleans a few years before. He had brought with him three days’ worth of clothing.
and his dog Sadie. He stayed for six weeks.

In North Carolina, Taylor saw the people of New Orleans on television, rummaging in the floating quagmire of what was left of the Ninth Ward. He immediately converted the Tipitina Foundation – which he’d begun in 1997 to support the city’s music community – into a wellspring for Katrina aid. He made sure there were two hot meals a day for musicians and their families, and he found temporary housing for those who had been living in tents. He found them gigs and instruments and raised funds through donations and benefit concerts. He became the executive producer of *Goin’ Home*, a 30-track double disc of Fats Domino classics remade by New Orleans heroes Allen Toussaint and Dr. John, as well as other artists such as Tom Petty, Elton John, Randy Newman, and Norah Jones. The proceeds of the recording helped restore Domino’s nearby publishing house, establish a community center and music office co-op in the Lower Ninth Ward, and ensure that future generations of New Orleans musicians will receive instruments and musical education. To date, the foundation has raised over $1.5 million in post-Katrina aid and has donated more than $3 million worth of instruments to New Orleans’ public schools.

At about the same time in Wilmington, Buccini/Pollin had purchased the Queen Theater. During a trip to Wilmington, Taylor was invited by Buccini and Hal Real, founder and president of Real Entertainment – the creators of World Café Live, who had committed to hosting a live show there – to take a tour of the Queen. They were looking for someone to head the newly-formed Light Up The Queen Foundation, a Delaware non-profit dedicated to the reviving the Queen to its former prominence. They wanted someone with music industry experience, who knew how to run a foundation, and who had roots in Wilmington.

“It was a cosmic confluence of events when we decided to convert the Queen into a modern–day live music venue and a clubhouse for the community,” Buccini says. “I had been reading in the *New York Times* about what Bill was doing in New Orleans. I thought of calling him but had found out that Hal had already been in touch with him.”

“The Queen Foundation was put together by well-intentioned people, but there was no one who was going to get up every morning and say, ‘How can I help get the Queen lit?’” Real adds. “We were looking for someone who was going to live and breathe it. We all felt Bill was the right guy at the right time.”

Taylor stood on the beaten–up stage. He watched birds fly in the rafters. He saw five enormous holes that early construction had left in the orchestra pit. Taylor remembered what David Newman, his teacher and drama coach at St. Paul’s, would tell him. “Trust your gut,” Taylor recalls. “Newman told me that all the good decisions come from the gut.”

Taylor heard his gut tell him yes, and he left New Orleans in October of 2008.

The goal was to raise the $24 million needed to renovate the theater, and, for more than a year, Taylor and Buccini met with foundations, corporations, and individuals. They would take prospective donors through the drafty old theater with its torn seat cushions and flaking ceiling and water–damaged infrastructure, as if to say, *See the potential. Become a part of this dream. Hear the music. See the kids learn.* They spoke in the native languages of their expertise: Taylor went on about music, bands, and entertainers he could visualize playing in a spectacular building. Buccini rattled off demographics and economic forecasts.

“We met a guy from JP Morgan Chase, in an effort to appeal to them about applying for a grant,” Taylor says. “We took him through the Queen and that evening he came to a fundraiser we were having. I had brought in Trombone Shorty from New Orleans, and Trombone absolutely rocked the place. The guy saw how music can electrify an audience; and help to galvanize a city. The next day, he called me and said, ‘You better apply for this grant, Bill.’”

At this stage of the Queen’s reconstruction, it is hard for even the most ardent of dreamers to imagine a musician playing here. It’s all just rubble and bricks (construction is scheduled to end in February 2011). But Taylor has seen an entire city slowly rise from similar circumstances.

“How can you say no to potentially changing your hometown for the better?” Taylor asks. “This city is going to get its soul back, its sense of pride. If we can bring these streets back to life . . . .” His voice trails off, because he knows that nothing more needs to be said. The sound now being heard in downtown Wilmington is not of a human voice – not Taylor’s or Buccini’s – but music of jackhammers, digging deep into the foundation of a city’s history, where a theater used to be, and will be again.

*To learn more about the Queen Theater and its progress, or to make a contribution, visit www.lightupthequeen.org.*
I was almost the happiest kid at SPS. I had tremendous friends. I loved my teachers and studies. I even wound up being elected president of the Sixth Form — and had a blast doing that. But when I say I was *almost* the happiest kid, that was because I had one huge secret and was terrified someone would find it out: I am gay, something I knew well before I got to SPS. I feared that if anyone ever knew I would become an instant pariah and probably have to leave.

It’s hard to tell now if my fears were justified, but I suspect they were. To my knowledge then, there had never been an openly gay student or faculty member at SPS. The word “gay” was never mentioned, except as a term of disgust or abuse, mostly by students, but sometimes by teachers.

Of course, it was a different time. Anita Bryant began her successful “Save Our Children” campaign in 1977 when I was a Third Former. And when I was in the Fifth Form, Harvey Milk — the first openly gay man elected to a prominent office in America — was assassinated.

Most of my education I owe to my extraordinary teachers — Barrett, Carlisle, Edgar, Marshall, Tracy — to name just a few — and also to the Rector and Jean Oates, who set a compassionate tone. But part I owe to the fact that I was so desperate to find positive portrayals of gay life that I would spend hours in Sheldon searching for books that I thought might provide them. I even fought my way through *Marius the Epicurean* because I’d read that Walter Pater inspired Oscar Wilde.

My SPS life was an odd mixture of high highs and low lows. I grew to dread Saturday night dances because they made me feel so horribly lonely.

One night, it all just got too much for me, so I felt I had to share my secret with someone. Fortunately, I picked Reverend [Mary] Beale, who told me I was and would be fine. She did wisely suggest I keep a lid on it all until I left SPS. At a recent reunion, I had the chance to tell her how much she did for me.

I managed to keep my secret until a party right after graduation, when I confessed it to a friend. Within minutes, he’d told about a dozen people. He did me a huge favor and is still a pal. Of course, I would later find out I was not the only gay person in my form.

Last year, I was asked to give a Chapel talk, at which time I received a tremendously warm welcome from the Rector, the faculty, and the students. I tried to give a sense of what has changed and what hasn’t. For example, I’ve been with my life partner for 25 years, but he and I still are denied the rights given to straight couples. I also talked of my work as an early volunteer helping people with AIDS. I explained how the words “Silence Equals Death” are as true now as they were then. After the speech, many people shared with me their thoughts — including ways they thought SPS could continue to improve.

What follows are stories from alumni/ae spanning six decades — personal stories that illustrate how hugely things have changed — and some ways they haven’t.
Roger Williams ’59

Gay issues and anything to do with gay life were practically nonexistent at the School, or the wider world of college later, in the narrow-minded, intolerant 1950s and 60s. Of course, there was no Gay–Straight Alliance (GSA). There was the odd gay joke or two, not necessarily anti-gay; two Brewster (Third Form) housemates, one of whom I loathed, pretended to be “getting it on” under a blanket in their room down the hall. I saw Mr. Kittle, then the librarian, I think, for tea once – totally innocent and above-board – and one of these turkeys tried to start a nasty rumor. Fortunately I don’t think it got very far, though I was hardly a very popular form member (there was generally too much hazing and bullying in that era, some of it aimed at me; this guy was one of the worst offenders).

There was the odd gay joke or two, not necessarily anti-gay; two Brewster (Third Form) housemates, one of whom I loathed, pretended to be “getting it on” under a blanket in their room down the hall. I saw Mr. Kittle, then the librarian, I think, for tea once – totally innocent and above-board – and one of these turkeys tried to start a nasty rumor. Fortunately I don’t think it got very far, though I was hardly a very popular form member (there was generally too much hazing and bullying in that era, some of it aimed at me; this guy was one of the worst offenders). Classmates were probably just starting to develop the usual interest in girls (the School wasn’t coed yet, so it tended to be monastic and isolated; the Dance Weekends each term were eagerly awaited). I didn’t share in this at all, but kept my lack of interest to myself and nobody seemed to worry about it, even that handful of especially loathsome classmates I nicknamed the “Fearsome Four.”

About all I remember in class was reading Tea & Sympathy and discussing it in English class. As far as I can remember, discussion was reasonably sympathetic for that era of McCarthy and HUAC, though, totally naïve at that time, I didn’t really understand what it was about. (McCarthy and HUAC were mainly after those dreaded “pinkos” – Communist sympathizers in showbiz or the government – but I think he widened the witch-hunt to include gays, something still going on under Don’t Ask Don’t Tell.)

Carolyn Revercomb ’78

I entered SPS as a student in the First Form. By the time I was in the Fourth Form, I knew I was gay. I didn’t have many words or much understanding for what I was discovering about myself. There wasn’t much in the popular culture – that I knew about anyway – that informed me as to who I was or who I could be. As far as I can remember, discussion was reasonably sympathetic for that era of McCarthy and HUAC, though, totally naïve at that time, I didn’t really understand what it was about. (McCarthy and HUAC were mainly after those dreaded “pinkos” – Communist sympathizers in showbiz or the government – but I think he widened the witch-hunt to include gays, something still going on under Don’t Ask Don’t Tell.)

Carolyn Revercomb ’78

I began to know when I was nine. West Virginia was a scary place to be a young lesbian. In junior high school, I heard putdowns about gays at least weekly, but gained enough self-acceptance by 13 to tell some friends I wasn’t heterosexual. As I arrived at St. Paul’s in 1974, a fundamentalist Christian on the school board in my hometown was launching what has since been known as the Kanawha County Textbook Controversy. Schools were boycotted, buses and schools were firebombed, and one man was shot, all because the board had approved books that the bible-thumpers claimed promoted immorality.

SPS was a haven. No one railed against the Devil in Chapel. The rare talk about homosexuality ranged from condescending – a master’s remark in Origins that pretty much everyone went through a phase – to naïve – an older girl’s reassurance, in 1976, that no one discriminated against us anymore. I was still scared into silence. I bid my time and discovered our community from a distance.
through books found in Sheldon and the occasional gay newspaper grabbed while traveling through Boston. I came out only to one person in my class and a few others before college, where I found proud gay people and happily joined them.

Though I didn’t come out at St. Paul’s, it was there that I resolved always to live as openly as possible while pursuing my goals. I didn’t want others to suffer the fear and isolation I had, and I agreed with movement leaders of that time that openness was the surest path to our liberation. I haven’t always lived up to this ideal, but have continued to aspire to it, even while putting one foot back in the closet to attend medical school.

What can I tell gay young people at SPS today? First, things have improved for us, but obstacles and danger remain. Ignorance and hatred are still out here. Second, coming out isn’t a one-time event for many of us, but a lifelong recurring process.

**Marc Aronson ’00**

The only people who knew I was gay when I arrived at SPS were my parents and me. By the time I graduated, I had told all of my closest friends, the people who attended GSA meetings, and several faculty members. Of course, the fact that I was the first full-year head of the GSA, I’m sure clued most others in as well.

During my Fifth Form year, Dustin Brauneck ’99 came out in Chapel, becoming the first openly gay student in a long time. He then organized, with Ms. [Annie] Clark and Ms. [Tori] Ryder, a couple of get-togethers in the squash court lounge, and it was determined that a formal GSA would begin the next year. I volunteered to run it, knowing this was most likely to put me to the rest of the School. I wasn’t so much concerned about that as I was about whether or not there was a community at SPS which would let such a group thrive. Boy, was I pleasantly surprised.

In the fall of 1999, we moved the GSA meetings to the Health Center conference room, and then from there to the much more spacious, and, at the time seemingly ironic, Hockey Center lounge. Our average attendance for the meetings that year was in the mid-twenties, with occasional meetings numbering well above 30. The Rector came. We brought in outside speakers. It was great.

That was the first year that the push for an equal faculty-housing policy really got going, and so I drafted a letter on behalf of the GSA to the SPS Board, which was signed by 83 percent of the student body. I still keep my copy of that letter and all of its signatures in my desk today.

If I were to sum up the experience I had as a gay student at SPS, I’d say the culture of the School broadly didn’t have sexual orientation on its radar. This meant things were ripe for sculpting, and that, behind the veneer of old-school mentalities, lay the opportunity for progress and change. More than that, however, I found a group of friends who were there for me, and really seemed cool with things, which was not what I’d necessarily expected.

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**Name Withheld ’07**

I figured out I was queer in junior high. By the start of Third Form I was really comfortable with my sexuality – in fact I came out to a number of my friends that fall.

I don’t know what happened that year, but by the time spring term rolled around it was like I had slid backward. I’d started freaking out that anyone might realize I was bisexual; when I tried to tell one of my closest friends – someone who already had gay friends – I couldn’t get the words out. I’m still not sure why that happened; SPS was a much better environment for gay kids than my local junior high. There were nine kids out (all boys and all Fifth and Sixth Formers) and my humanities teacher was out, so for the first time I knew of actual gay people who actually lived near me. But for whatever reason, that term just got worse and worse. I was starting to hate my sexuality and I couldn’t figure out who to talk to about it. I got really lucky that summer. A couple of my close friends came out. By fall of my Fourth Form year I was finally at the point where I wanted to do the same.

Mostly the School seemed really welcoming of gay students, at least to me personally. The majority of my friends were supportive, and I never had any teachers say anything belittling to me. But for most of my four years, the GSA was pushing for faculty gay couples to be allowed to live in housing attached to dorms, and it took the Trustees and administration a long time to come around and agree to it. That really felt like a slap in the face to me.

While people were usually very good about not saying anything to me after I came out, when I was still in the closet people would talk about how they didn’t think bisexuality was real or how they didn’t think gay couples should be allowed to raise kids/marry/kiss in public/exist. I don’t know if the atmosphere got better once I came out; it’s probably more likely that people just stopped saying that sort of thing in front of me.

I prefer to remain anonymous because my parents read Alumni Horae; every time I try to talk to them about my sexuality, we have a huge argument and then they pretend like it never happened, and it just doesn’t seem worth going through it again.

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**Nicky Buxton ’09**

I knew that SPS would be there to support me once I came out. In fact, it made my friendships even closer and that much more meaningful.

I just visited one of my best friends at Dartmouth and he’s “keeping an eye” on two guys there for me! Another SPS friend took the initiative at Yale to join a group that supports LGBTQ athletes. He even spoke to the group about our friendship and encouraged his crew team to show their support for the LGBTQ community.

(Editor’s note: The Spring 2009 Alumni Horae contained the text of Nicky Buxton’s Chapel speech: Coming Out. To watch a video of the speech, visit YouTube.)
Much Happiness collection, Alice Munro’s new a few stories into her work. Now I’m hands on more of am dying to get my town in Maine – and residents of a small Elizabeth Strout’s – Olive Kitteridge the 2009 Pulitzer winner in fiction: is my best friend. I just finished to books from audible.com, which teaching commute, I’m also listening artifacts, and because of my lengthy ture in the Americas. Unrelated to Michigan University in Kalamazoo. accepted a faculty position at Western School in New York City. She recently is currently writer-in-residence at Iowa, and Brandeis University and Columbia University, the University of the Americas, Kevin McIvoy’s The Complete History of New Mexico, and Roberto Bolaño’s Nazi Literature in the Americas. Unrelated to artifacts, and because of my lengthy teaching commute, I’m also listening to books from audible.com, which is my best friend. I just finished the 2009 Pulitzer winner in fiction: Elizabeth Strout’s Olive Kitteridge – gorgeous connected stories about the residents of a small town in Maine – and am dying to get my hands on more of her work. Now I’m a few stories into Alice Munro’s new collection, Too Much Happiness.”

Thisbe Nissen has taught at Columbia University, the University of Iowa, and Brandeis University and is currently writer-in-residence at Eugene Lang College of The New School in New York City. She recently accepted a faculty position at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo.

**American Means**
*by D. E. Oprava ’91*
American Mettle Books, 96 pages, $12
Reviewed by Heid Erdrich ’82

In his second full–length book of poetry, D.E. “David” Oprava – self–described as an “expatriate American poet living and working in the United Kingdom” – hits powerful notes while working through perceptions of Americans in this era of recession and war.

There’s no slow buildup to this work. The first stanza blasts: *This land, a lonesome notion/whose hopes hang on clothes-/pinned winds, chafing/binding, ideals tied to the/Forsaken roots of what’s been. And it only gets more harsh and more real in a linked series (numbered rather than titled) that creates one long, blunt, and absorbing poem.*

*American Means* never backs off its subjects of poverty and politics, but drives through a complex scenario in which humans contend with embodied Hope, Greed, and other intangibles. As energetic as its ancestors the rant poem and the morality play, Oprava’s work here is also verbally inventive. There’s a surprise to unpack in every stanza, from the . . . *ragged hems/of cost-cutting humanity, to an image of suicide in no one has time to mourn/the broke as triage lingers in/ free-fall repose.*

Dozens of complex references and complicated constructions enrich the poem, although for some it may be too much. That’s ironic, too, a book–length poem about the economic and human crush of the global economic meltdown that feels almost too rich.

A note in the front matter of the book states that Oprava wrote the book “out of frustration and hope with an aim to cross the divide between the poetic, the political, and the purely academic.” He certainly hits his mark and moves beyond it to create an entertaining work that begs to be read aloud. If you read it with an ear toward what a good performance poet could do, you’ll better understand what Oprava means by *American Means*.

**One Time in Paris: A Memoir of the 1960s**
*by Wade Stevenson ’63*
IUniverse, 198 pages, $16.95
Reviewed by Kerrin Pratt

In this memoir, Wade Stevenson takes us to Paris in the 1960s, where his goal is to put the past completely behind him and discover the true meaning of love. Stevenson opens with a description of his reasons for wanting to escape his life. Having grown up in a family devoid of love with a handicapped, distant mother, and a father who repeatedly calls him a loser and questions his son’s very purpose, Stevenson vows never to return. Set against the backdrop of the Vietnam War, Stevenson describes his years in Paris during a decade alive with “revolt and sensuality and new music and liberation.”

The author’s unhappy years at SPS and one at Berkeley culminate when Stevenson’s parents commit him to a psychiatric unit. There he meets “a troubled girl” named Cynthia, with whom he immediately identifies through her flute music, with its “plaintive intensity.” Stevenson takes this as a sign that someone is trying to save him.

When he is finally released after a few months, he decides to leave the country. Jobs as a mail clerk and then as a deck hand on an oil tanker take him to Le Havre, France, where he decides to get himself to Paris to begin his journey. After all, what better time to be in Paris as a 19–year–old than during the 1960s?

With his sights set on writing a book, Stevenson soon meets up with his psychiatric ward mate Cynthia, and from that
point on his time in Paris is marked by his quest for her love. The rest is history: the sexual and drug exploits typical of the 60s, the jealousy, and the frustration with unrequited love. One year away turns into “more than a few” as Stevenson trudges through the intricacies of his relationship with Cynthia and tries to come to terms with his inability to ever possess her. In the end this “country boy from Buffalo” finds that “love can survive in loss, and that ultimately there is no loss.”

Fredrik Stanton ’92

Great Negotiations: Agreements that Changed the Modern World – Words as much as weapons have shaped the course of history. Whether to avert, resolve, assist, or secure the outcome of a conflict, diplomacy in the modern age has had great triumphs and bitter failures, from the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962, which narrowly spared humanity from a nuclear Armageddon, to the Treaty of Versailles after World War I, which created problems that still confront us today. Drawing on primary sources, transcripts, and interviews, Great Negotiations tells the stories of eight key episodes in modern diplomacy. From Benjamin Franklin securing crucial French support for the American Revolution to Reagan and Gorbachev laying the groundwork to eliminate an entire class of nuclear weapons, Fredrik Stanton explains what each party tells the stories of eight key episodes in modern diplomacy. From Benjamin Franklin securing crucial French support for the American Revolution to Reagan and Gorbachev laying the groundwork to eliminate an entire class of nuclear weapons, Fredrik Stanton explains what each party

Michael Burns, Faculty Emeritus

Gemini’s Blood

– Jack Scanlon, at the threshold of his 60th year, finds himself at a local hospital, hooked up to an IV tube. He is receiving three units of blood, a process that will take the better part of eight hours. He has all but convinced himself that he is a terminal case. If a drowning man is capable of witnessing the sum of his entire life before his eyes before he goes under for the last time, Jack Scanlon has the luxury of witnessing his at his leisure, and in chronological order. His meditations focus largely on his early childhood, adolescence, and young adulthood, which cover roughly the years 1944 through 1961, with a few brief detours into more recent history, one that involves the deaths of his younger half-brother and his mother, as well as a short description of his own recent medical struggles.

Where You Are

by Michael Burns, Faculty Emeritus

All Things That Matter Press, 246 pages, $16.99

Reviewed by Alan N. Hall, Faculty Emeritus

Before the action of Where You Are begins, before the prologue, Michael Burns places a quotation from “Plain Song Talk,” a poem by Richard Eberhart, who taught at Dartmouth and is – at least in part – a New Hampshire poet. In four lines, Eberhart mentions the hopes of youth, diminishing powers, sufferings old and new, doubt, and death. That quotation should bring many readers to a halt – right there! Who wants to spend time with that group of losers, perhaps attractive or at least acceptable at Elsinore, or on the North Shore of Long Island, or in some hick town in Pennsylvania, but not on the stage of Garrison, New Hampshire?

You may think that you’ve been to Garrison already, guided by Grace Metalious, but Peyton Place, just up the proverbial road, is a cheerful place in contrast to the depressing neighborhood Burns creates for Paul, his hapless hero, who, as the novel begins, looks back from 1998 at the newly minted bridegroom he was in August 1963.

Except for two years in the Army – he got as far as Inchon, Korea, but not in combat – Paul has lived all his life in Garrison. His father ran a bakery there, Paul went to Garrison High School, and married Laura Sargent, a Garrison girl, valedictorian of the class behind Paul’s, an “intellectual” whom he’d barely noticed back in the day. Enter our heroine! For reasons not entirely clear (but “love” in a small town is usually never clear), Laura and Paul start their journey towards matrimony with a movie date to see La Dolce Vita, which he doesn’t understand – “symbolism” was not a word used by the Garrison High English Department. Laura tells Paul that his high I.Q. attracted her attention when she was working in the principal’s office.

She begins to “improve” him as their relationship deepens, dazzling him with her enthusiasm for learning and knowledge and urging him to think ahead to attending the University. In every way she is a class act – beauty, brains and, by the way, she has a trust fund.

Actually, Laura leaves the stage before the curtain rises. Paul returns from his job at Caplan’s Auto Supply to find his bride of less than a year not doing the Times crossword puzzle. A note scribbled on the back of an envelope informs him “I can’t take it anymore. Love, L.”

“It” is Garrison, of course. To understand that, Paul has to look with fresh eyes at his until now comfortable and familiar world. The author makes us see in more than Dickensian fashion the physical, mental, and emotional squalor of the town and its inhabitants closest to Paul. Everything goes wrong for him, from losing his job to losing his cockatiel and cat. More importantly, he finds himself drawn to Laura’s friend Noelle, who quickly establishes herself in his bed. Paul also finds himself returning to cigarettes and hard liquor.

For most of the novel, Laura is, as Burns tells us, “a face in the misty light” for Paul, phoning him and finally revealing that she is in San Francisco and determined to bring him there to join her in a new and better life. A series of flashbacks reveals Laura’s personality, attractive and ambitious for herself and Paul. She is almost too good to be true, save her bossy and persistent nature.

The jolt of JFK’s death and the televised death of his assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, push Paul to make his decision about the world beyond Garrison. Burns gives his readers an epilogue in which the sun always seems to shine and the sordid shadows of Garrison fade into half-remembered memory.
in low light. Tom was sitting on the floor or so people sitting on pillows on the floor against the walls to accommodate the 100ings on Main Street in Concord, N.H. Rows secreted inside one of the big brick build-

A kirtan combines all of the elements of both a good rock concert and a good church service. The call and response can evoke both the psalm singing of medieval monks and the “repeat-after-me” tradition of a gospel choir. The music moves from meditative new age to folk rock to a mo-
moment of silence between each song. There are even beautiful swaying women sing-
ing back-up. The concert was groovy and worshipful and relaxing all wrapped up in one, and I soon found myself swaying.

Tom has a sweet, straightforward voice that invites you to sing along. He plays many instruments and will either lead a kirtan himself or humbly play along with other artists. He hosts a weekly kirtan at his home in Cambridge, complete with vegetarian meal. Listening to Tom’s CD brings back that feeling of “om” – the release of breath – that I experienced at the concert. While Tom’s CD is not widely available, the feeling it evokes is one I’d recommend to anyone. I suggest attend-
ing a local kirtan concert for similar effect.

Kirtan is a way of “opening the heart” through devotional singing of call-and–response mantras set to music. It is an ancient practice brought to the West as early as the 1920s and practiced in the 1960s, but has recently surged in popular-


Reviewed by Michael Matros

“I no longer have to carry hand grenades to protect myself and my family,” says Konstantin Selivan.

Selivan is a good man, one of 10 who tell their stories on the documentary film The Good Men Project: Real Stories from the Front Lines of Modern Manhood, the DVD component of a multi–approach initiative of the same name undertaken in 2008 by James Houghton ’82 and Tom Matlack.

“What does it mean to be a good man?” is the question they asked when the pro-
ject began, handing out note cards for answers at a discussion group in Cam-
bridge, Mass. Beginning that night and ever since, James Houghton has found that “there is no definitive answer” to the question. His response that evening was simply “asking the question.”

Konstantin Selivan slipped silently out of Soviet Russia near the end of the Cold War to protect his wife and future family from the violence of St. Petersburg. In the film he tells of arriving at JFK with $300, finding a room in New York, where he and Elena had to sleep on a concrete floor, finally receiving asylum, and eventually opening his own kickboxing studio.

It’s been a dramatic life for a man who knows how to fight, as he tells us in voice–over and as we see in clips of his shadow-boxing, alternating with photos of his family.

Unlike Selivan, Kent George has never fought, although “I grew up playing ice hockey, and ice hockey players really like to fight.” His mother was always “disgust-
ed” at his pacifism, especially when he wouldn’t fight back against his aggressive sister, who would punch him without mercy. “Sometimes,” he tells us, “you wait for your opponent just to wear down; that’s what you have to do to survive.”

While all these stories are in some way responses to the question of being a good man, collectively they demonstrate Houghton’s conclusion that there is no one answer. The great value of this short film is the quality of the storytelling and the honesty that the filmmakers elicit from these very different men – a son who never heard his father say “I love you” and finally said it to him, the hus-
band whose wife would pick fights out of sheer boredom with life in Italy, the guitarist who performs on the street with his singing daughter and who tells her, “That’s why I love busking with you so much: to face our fears.”

Tom Matlack explains, “We didn’t want to be judgmental and say this is what you all should be doing to be good men . . . . It’s not through sociological discourse; it’s through men telling their stories.”

Houghton and his colleagues have collected these and hundreds more stories from sons, husbands, and fathers, some available in the Good Men book (see the Fall 2009 Alumni Horae), others on their web site, www.goodmenbook.org, and on their blog.
Boston Symphony Orchestra

October 15, Boston, Mass. – At a reception at Symphony Hall, Grammy–winning composer Augusta Read Thomas ’82 and her mentor, longtime SPS faculty member David D. Seaton, celebrated the American premiere of “Helios Choros II” performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The piece was composed by Thomas and commissioned by Martin C.B. Mellish ’75.

Former Trustees Dinner

October 29, New York, N.Y. – Hosted by current Trustee Robert Lindsay ’73 at the Links Club in New York City, 29 former Trustees joined together to hear news of the School and visit with old friends. Rector Bill Matthews ’61 and Board President Douglas Schloss ’77 discussed admissions trends and the importance of maintaining the spiritual component of a St. Paul’s School education. They also presented a new master plan for the SPS grounds.

Clean Energy Forum

November 4, Concord, N.H. – The Alumni Office, Eco–Action, the Environmental Stewardship Office, the Pew Foundation, and the SPS Environmental Defense Action Fund brought distinguished clean energy professionals to the School to speak about bio fuels, solar power, and the green economy. The forum included Richard Kennelly ’83, VP of marketing for BigBelly Solar; Laura Bartsch ’86 and Helen Fairman ’86, founders of the Cambridge–based Millville Partners, an organization that assists businesses in strategy and marketing to help build the green economy; and Carlos Riva (P’07, P’10), president, CEO, and director of Verenium, a developer of cellulosic ethanol technology.

Festival of Lessons and Carols

December 13, Concord, N.H. – The traditional service of anticipating and celebrating the story of the Christmas season brought many alumni back to Millville. The Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul was ablaze in candlelight as the music of the St. Paul’s School Choir and Madrigal Singers filled the air. The inviting reception that followed at the Rectory completed the warm celebration on a snowy winter eve.
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The Formnotes below reflect information received through December 2010. Please send news and/or photos of yourself or other alumni to include in these pages. The address is Formnotes Editor, Alumni Horae, St. Paul’s School, 325 Pleasant St., Concord, N.H. 03301 or alumni@sps.edu. Thank you.

1943

Norman Walker updates the form with these events: “Thirteen formmates accompanied by spouses met, courtesy of Rod Lindsay, at the Leash Club in NYC on October 15 for a great dinner and fun (at least, such fun as octogenarians can enjoy). That’s about one-third of the currently extant members of the Form. Participants came from as far away as Colorado, Michigan, Ohio, Maine, Pennsylvania, and France, attesting to the durability of friendships nurtured at SPS two-thirds of a century ago.

“In November Robert Pennoyer was interviewed by Chinese television regarding the role of his great-grandfather, Pierpont Morgan, and his grandfather, J. (Jack) P. Morgan (SPS 1884) in American economic growth.

“Pennoyer and Walker, after working together for seven years, recently completed the gift of land in Ashfield, Mass., of the late Anne Bullitt to the Trustees of Reservations, an organization dedicated to the preservation for public use and enjoyment, of properties of exceptional scenic, historic, and ecological value in the state. The property, formerly the summer home of Anne’s father, Ambassador William C. Bullitt, will open this spring as the Trustees’ 103rd reservation. Anne herself came to SPS for the mid-winter dance as the date of Dan Brewster, president of the Form of 1942, and was ultimately married to him in 1967, after having also been married to Nick Biddle ’39. In those days, the SPS mid-winter dance of the Sixth Form was the only dance in the entire curriculum.”

1946

WHOPS! We hear from Trow Elliman that his recent State of the School letter refers to our “upcoming reunion” as being our 60th. Obviously, it’s our 65th, scheduled for early June 2011 (if only we could just add or subtract five years to our lives that easily). Trow is also looking for help with planning the reunion, preferably from someone with a current calendar.

1948

Clacky King writes after a July visit with Burt Closson: “We all spent a delightful evening at the Clossons’ home in Biddeford Pool, Maine. Shortly thereafter, the Clossons returned to Cincinnati so that Bee could have a hip replacement. It went well. He played a round of golf less than a week later! Sandy and I have just returned from Wacca Wache Marina on the Waccamaw River, where we left our boat, Crucero. We will return to Crucero after Christmas and proceed to Boca Grande, Florida, for the winter. We have been living in Cooke’s Hope just south of Easton, Maryland, for several years. Recently, Betty and Joe Hartmeyer ’45 moved here and were followed closely by Candy and Cecil Backus ’47, so this has become quite an SPS alumni community. Cooke’s Hope is a community built on an old farm. We still have a herd of Belted Galloway cows, but we have not seen either Joe or Cecil tending them!”

1950

Form Director George Walcott, John Stokes, and Dick Paine attended the October SPS Annual Fund kickoff meetings. Plans have started for our 60th reunion in June. The committee for the reunion includes Quartie Clothier, Dean Howells, George Packard, and Bill Taylor plus the aforementioned three. The Form is hoping to create a memorial for deceased class members, highlighted with a tribute to Form President Jim Colt.

In November, Dean Howells, with wife Christina and daughter Rosie, went to India for the first time since assigned to the Embassy there in 1968—to attend the weddings of their twin goddaughters in New Delhi. The traditional Mehndi ritual was followed by wedding and dinner events over four days. Howells says New Delhi has changed more in the last 40 years than he has.

George Packard sent this note: “Ben Makihara spoke at a book launching event in Tokyo on November 17 on the occasion of the publication of the Japanese language version of my new biography of Edwin O. Reischauer. He said a lot of nice things but chastised me for two blunders: I was not wearing my SPS tie on that occasion (he was wearing his) and that I had gone to Princeton instead of Harvard! The English version will be out from Columbia University Press in April 2010. Ben promises to join us at our 60th in June.”
1951

From Fred Gardner: “For us, 2009 has been delightfully without incidents. Other than a week snorkeling off the coast of Belize in January, we have stayed on the farm and enjoyed our beautiful surroundings. Gael rides regularly, still improving her dressage skills at age 69. I have not been on a horse for several years, but continue to play singles tennis. In August, I began a project of painting watercolors of preserved properties and donating them to the two organizations responsible for their conservation and maintenance. I am on my ninth painting and have a backlog of interesting scenes waiting for me. We continue to serve on township boards involved with land use and go frequently to the opera, theater, and concerts in New York and Princeton. Ted still lives in Philadelphia and Clare in Minneapolis. Clare lost her job at the start of the recession, but within a few months found a more interesting one at better pay. We are thankful for our good fortune and hope that 2010 brings less strife and better times to the world.”

1953

Tim Clark’s November update: “I turn 75 in two weeks and am happy to report that I do so in good health and spirit. I am a retired public servant living with my wife, Jennifer, on our farm in Hamilton with family and grandchildren nearby to enjoy. We are planning to celebrate my birthday in Las Vegas with a side trip to Zion National Park.”

1954

John McGinley traveled to Cuba in April 2009 on a “humanitarian bird survey with Connecticut Audubon. Fascinating. A license from the Treasury Dept. was obtained and we left from Cancun. Ten days in country, traveling by van, we saw all but one of the 28 endemic birds and another 200 to boot. My three-page observations memo is on my Facebook page (John R McGinley, CMT) in the NOTES. Or e-mail for a copy to jmccoo@post.harvard.edu.”

Jim Bishop’s newsy update: “Nestled as I am in a high Arizona valley near Apacheland, sometimes when Oak Creek nearby ices up, I think of the first time I saw black ice on Turkey. In my mind, it was in 1949, and I see Jim Colt ’50, icy wind at his back, gliding past, wearing red and blue until he vanished from sight. Old-time pioneers say that the best things they remember never really happened; that did; so did cold nights, laughter, King David and Lang Lea, sadness, glory and victory and defeat – and many lost contact lenses. Found ground here near Sedona after years at Newsweek, a few more with the Carter crowd, a solar company in Jersey that went bust in 1982; then film projects in what’s left of Hollywood, teaching gigs in Prescott, Flagstaff, and much Elderhostel. Recent book, Epitaph for a Desert Anarchist (Simon and Shuster) is now in paper; a new book, Tales of the Pink Nectar Cafe – Life in the New West is being shopped around. Adage out here, where people have gathered around fires for at least 10,000 years, is ‘think locally, act locally.’ So I am busy as head of Sedona Recycles and writing grants for an agricultural renaissance in the Verde Valley working to hitch restaurants with local growers, most of whom were forgotten during the era of cheap oil and unhealthy fast food – now fading like the morning mist on a New Hampshire pond. Hope to be back for the next reunion, with one of five grandkids (two in China, two in Seattle and one in D.C.) No wife will be with me – unless I can find one who doesn’t mind living with a freelance writer with a new knee, who doesn’t drink or smoke, sleeps little, and still dreams of black ice.”

1955

From Form Director Henry Shaw: “The Form of ’55 is planning its 55th anniversary this coming June. Formmates and their wives will meet first on Thursday, June 3, in New London, N.H., to enjoy cocktails at the home of Pam and Bayard Pope, followed by dinner at the Lake Sunapee Country Club. The following day, foursomes will golf, those few with rackets will do tennis, and the rest will shop and enjoy their time at leisure. After lunch at the club, Form ’55 will drive south to Concord, check in at the Holiday Inn, and enjoy a reception and dinner at Coit. On Saturday, which will feature the Parade, Boat Races, and Flagpole Ceremony, Formmates and their
wives will gather at the Common Man for dinner and ‘business meeting.’ Be sure to make your reservations on time. For questions, contact Henry Shaw or Mo Cheston."

An early December message from Charlton ‘Rink’ Reynolds: “This past summer, we sold Reynders, Gray & Co., Incorporated, for 30 years a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange conducting an agency execution business for an institutional clientele (‘We treat your order flow as a responsibility, not as a commodity’), and I retired. Upon retirement, my wife, Nonie, and I moved (with her cadre of Norwich terriers) from Bedford Hills, New York, to Newbury, New Hampshire, where we are closer to family — and farther from taxes. And, so far, it’s been a lot warmer than Bedford Hills was when we left in October.”

1958

Jay Hatch’s December thoughts: “On June 1, we put into practice what Marolyn had spoken about during our 50th reunion and moved (a few years earlier than expected) into an independent condo/villa unit in a continuing care retirement community in Gaithersburg, Md. I’ll retire from USAID at the end of February and end my 1.5-hour each way commute that the move created, and look forward to gardening, travel, kayaking, and training our new pound–found Scottie.”

This from Tony Nicholas: “The 50th reunion in 2008 has reaped great dividends. After a 50–year hiatus, I have seen a good deal of Archie Cox in Bucks Harbor and East Blue Hill, Maine, as well as in his lofty apartment in NYC, where Archie was recently recovering from knee surgery. Judy and Olivia have become good friends. We have also had some fine times in the West Village with Henry Chalfant recently and in March, including our son, Daniel. I was much impressed by his photos of subway graffiti. On my last trip to NYC, Lee Patterson took me to lunch at the Yale Club and Olivia and I dined with Henry, Bunny and Chris Clark, and our opera diva friend, June Anderson. And as always, Patrick Rulon-Miller was quick with his $10 celebrating the outcome of the Harvard–Yale game, which of course is designated for SPS. My great–nephew, Harry Nicholas ’12, is a strong offensive tackle on the football team.”

1959

Before the holidays, Sam Callaway wrote: “The Christmas season will soon provide us the joy of a family reunion in California. Jill and I are looking forward to this trip with great anticipation. With both daughters living on the West Coast — one in San Francisco and the other in Los Angeles — we see them much too infrequently. I still think back fondly of the acquaintances and friendships that were renewed at last year’s 50th reunion. What fun it would be to find a way to all get together a bit more frequently. David Atkinson and I will work on ways to do that in the next few years.”

Tony Carpenter with wedding news: “Mary Wallace, whom many of you met at our 50th reunion in May, and I were married on September 26, 2009, at the Church of the Holy Communion (reformed Episcopal) in Dallas, Texas. Formmate and roommate Pres Wintersteen was my best man. We are living in Addison, Texas, and would love to see any of our formmates who might venture into the Dallas area. Just give us a call or send an e-mail (I’m in the directory).”

Nick Biddle informs us from the West Coast: “Joan and I love Southern California, our new home since November 2005, and we now constantly see our Los Angeles daughters, and fast–growing grandchildren, plus nearby La Jolla cousins. We had a wonderful visit in Japan in April thanks mainly to our incredibly hospitable good friend and classmate Motoi Okubo and his wife Yumiko, whom we hadn’t seen since the nineties in NYC, Long Island, and Cambridge.”

In December, Roger Williams sent a note reminiscing about the Pageant and Last Night Service when he was a student. He writes, “They were among my best memories of the School.”

Alston Boyd says, “Nothing much to report, except that I miss the good company of my classmates and that I’ll be hosting something in Austin for SPS next May.”

Standing in front of the 3d Shogunate’s favorite bonsai tree (4 ft. tall and 400 years old) in the inner private sanctum of the Imperial Palace of Tokyo bonsai gardens in April 2009 are Nick Biddle ’59 (l.) and wife, Joan, with Motoi Okubo ’59 and wife, Yumiko.

David Atkinson ’59 and Martha Luz (l.) at the November 21 wedding of daughter Andrea to Chris Antonowich, with the groom’s parents, Linda and Greg.
Coley Burke severed his Achilles tendon on Labor Day. After multiple casts, infection, and a blood clot, he is finally walking without a limp and hoping to ski Jackson Hole in December. “Tell our classmates to be sure at this age to stretch before exercise and avoid Cipro. There is some connection that it weakens the tendon. I think my bad luck came from a fishing accident in Panama. Hope all is well.”

Woody Woodroofe reports that: “Since our reunion, I have gone back to work part-time as a parish clergyperson, not only substituting on Sundays for absent colleagues in and around northwestern Connecticut, but also looking for something more permanent and settled near enough to our mid-18th century house in New Preston. Sally and I are finding a break from New England winters too tempting to resist, and will be heading for Hilton Head for about five weeks in February and March. We will stop on the way back and forth in Washington, D.C., to stay with our two daughters, one recently married. I have also signed on with the Diocese of Connecticut to assist in the guidance of those aspiring to become ordained Episcopal clergy, a process taking up to three or more years.”

Nick Orr reports: “I will be leaving hot, humid Florida for hot, dry New Mexico come January 9, 2010. I will be living in Las Cruces, which is about 45 miles N.W. of El Paso – about four hours east of Tucson and about four hours south of Albuquerque. If anyone needs a desert fix, please drop by. I am so sorry to have missed the 50th – can we have another one next year?”

Tracy Johnson reports: “Sam Callaway, Hartmut Keil and I, along with spouses, met for Sunday brunch in NYC in December. Hartmut and Sigrid were our guests for a week of city sightseeing. We all enjoyed reminiscing about our time together in Woodstock, Vt.”

Charles F. Thomson sent this brief update: Charlie and Nancy Thomson now have a house in Jackson Hole, where they have reconnected with Loring Woodman at the Darwin Ranch.

Andy Johnston’s December e-mail revealed his whereabouts: “After 40 years of teaching in independent schools in the Northeast and California, Christine and Andy Johnston have retired to the Eastern Sierra Nevada. The village of Clio is tiny (population of 83 – though a few hundred more live in the surrounding hills). Here we’ve become involved in community work, including serving as court-appointed advocates for foster kids and playing and singing in various local musical organizations. The difference between music here and music in San Francisco is that people here perform themselves, rather than paying to see and hear others perform. Participation goes some way to compensate for quality! Our son Alex has just joined the officer corps of the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration, and daughter Emily seems well launched in a career teaching the writing of English at the college level. The landscape – it looks rather like the old TV series Bonanza, which was filmed not far from here – soothes and renews.”

This update from Charlie Pillsbury: “On November 1, 2009, I began serving as the first executive director of Media tors Beyond Borders. I also am a visiting fellow, Center on Dispute Resolution, Quinnipiac University School of Law. Most importantly, however, my granddaughter Maya Hernandez Garcia will be 15 months old on Christmas Eve.”

Tony Carpenter ’59 wed Mary Wallace on September 26, 2009.

Jared “Jad” Roberts ’64, with daughter Ellie ’08 (after running the Philadelphia Marathon, finishing in 3 hours, 52 minutes), son Bayard, and wife Katie.
Jeff Wheelwright was awarded a 2009 Guggenheim Fellowship to support the writing of a book on genes, culture, and religion. He says this is somewhat like having a job.

Theo Armour dashed off this note: “My youngest daughter Eloise will spend two weeks at SPS in February as an exchange student from the Ecole Alsacienne in Paris – just as her two older sisters did. And I’ll most likely take the opportunity to visit her.”

1967

Ham Clark writes: “Two 60–plus–year–old goats from our Form – Ham Clark and Corky Moore – successfully ran section two of the Chattooga River in Ga./S.C. in November 2009 in an open canoe. We paddled quickly because we heard banjo music coming from the Georgia shoreline.”

1968

T. William Hoehn reports: “I have been elected to the board of trustees of Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena. Fuller is the largest multidenominational seminary in the U.S.”

1970

Samuel Haverstick added this form note: “OK folks, we’ve all received Del’s magnificent update on our forthcoming 40th and we hope that as many of you as possible can make it back as it’s the last time we’ll set eyes on each other until we’re over sixty (except for Eldridge who was 60 in Fifth Form – or was that just 35?). Del has asked for requests for a suitable Cammy memorial and, in my mind, answered his own question with his reference to a Mark Cameron Memorial Stickball Game. I (and the Stick is serious here) fully believe that there is nothing Mark would have liked better than to have a stickball field named after him at SPS. Let’s make it happen!

“On another tack and at P. Heyliger Blair’s suggestion, start studying middle names of your formmates, where they were from, and whatever else you need to know about them. This year’s trivia will focus solely on us.”

John Eldridge added to the reunion buzz: “But don’t forget Stick, when we were 16, looking older was highly desired – how else could those fake IDs work on the Boston weekends? I look forward to the trivia action, the Mark Cameron memorial, and the conversations with everybody. BTW, saw Scott Johnson and he says he should be there at reunion.”

Lex Breckinridge writes: “After 15 happy years as a parish priest and high school chaplain in Austin, I’ve just accepted a call to become the rector of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Medina, Wash., a close-in suburb of Seattle. It’s a warm, hospitable place with beautiful liturgy and music and a big heart for social justice. Zonnie is retiring from the law business after 30 years and we’re both looking forward to enjoying outdoor life in the Pacific Northwest. Our oldest, Alexander, is a lawyer in D.C., Barbara is in grad school at the University of Texas, and Robert is a junior at Haverford and on the lax team. Our first grandchild is due in April! Unfortunately, won’t make it back for our 40th because of this new gig but will look forward to our 45th. Come visit when you’re out this way.”

While in Cold Spring, N.Y., with wife Erin, Christopher Grey ’68 spotted this sign with the name of “my Old Boy and Dorm III supe! We looked nearby for Gibbo ’65, but found nary a trace.”

Brock Holmes’ December family update: “This has been a busy few years. Daughter Rose is a junior at Drew University, majoring in computer science with a minor in creative writing. I’m wondering if she’ll be authoring the next generation of avatar–based multi-world computer games. James Cameron, watch out! My wife Sally has transitioned relatively smoothly from business owner to VP of strategic marketing at a former client. And I, after a significant health event in 2007 – received nine cardiac stents – have been teaching guitar, consulting at NIH, and writing, teaching, and lecturing about resonance.”

A December check–in from Chris Bartle: “We moved to Dover, Mass., over the summer. It’s December and the house isn’t finished yet – but it sure is pretty compared to Bleecker Street. We have three girls, a 12–year–old and 4–year–old twins, so letting them out is good. Fending off the pressure to buy animals to fill the barn that came with the house. Looking forward to summer already. Hope to make it to the reunion with or without the family.”

News from Nat Wheelwright: “Genie and I are on leave this year from Bowdoin College, thanks to a grant from the National Science Foundation ‘for mid– to late–career ecologists.’ My project is to look back on my long–term research project on island birds in order to understand the mechanisms of inheritance and the characteristics that are passed on from parents to offspring. I’ll be in the field during the reunion and will be sorry to miss you. Have a blast.”

Sandy Stewart sends this December message: “We are looking forward to celebrating Christmas and New Year’s Day together in Baltimore. Hannah is home from Marlboro College and Grace continues at Roland Park Country School. We’ll watch Grace dance in The Nutcracker, take in the Christmas lights in Hunville, and count our blessings around the fireplace. We’re looking forward to catching up with everyone at our reunion. Best wishes.”

(L. to r.) Mike Wert ’74, retired SPS athletic director Bud Blake, and Art Sistare ’74 visiting in New Smyrna Beach, Fla.
Hap - writes: “Hapily working at BNY Mellon and living in NYC and Avon, Conn. Remarried three years ago to Anna Smolen. Daughter Victoria born December 21, 2008. I'm sure that makes me the oldest father in ’70 and gives me one last chance to get a child to SPS! Three grown children all working happily in their chosen fields: Molly (28) — sustainable agriculture/organic farming; Charles (26) — restaurant; Sara (25) — NPR correspondent.”

Peter Culver writes: “Haply working at BNY Mellon and living in NYC and Avon, Conn. Remarried three years ago to Anna Smolen. Daughter Victoria born December 21, 2008. I’m sure that makes me the oldest father in ’70 and gives me one last chance to get a child to SPS! Three grown children all working happily in their chosen fields: Molly (28) — sustainable agriculture/organic farming; Charles (26) — restaurant; Sara (25) — NPR correspondent.”

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1971

Curtis E. A. Karnow penned this recent update: “Coming up to my five-year anniversary as a judge in San Francisco, teaching civil procedures at Hastings College of the Law. My wife runs REAL School, which sends its students to high schools, including certain select locations on the East Coast.”

1974

Chris Rulon-Miller and family successfully moved from Bronxville, N.Y., to Austin, Texas. “If you are ever in town visiting, look us up. Go Longhorns!”

Jacob Ruttenberg ’13, the son of Perri and Eric Ruttenberg, started at SPS in the fall as a Third Former. He was joined by Colin Mackintosh ’13, the son of Mary and Stuart Mackintosh.

From Art Sistare’s travel log: “In late August ’09, my wife Sonya and I made a cross-country motor home trip from Boston to Reno. Along the way, we met up with Mike Wert and wife Christy in North Carolina. Together we ventured to New Smyrna Beach, Fla., and enjoyed a visit with retired SPS athletic director and coach Bud Blake and his wife Betty. After good-byes to all in Florida, Sonya and I headed west and met up with Sue (Rueter) Quintana and her husband Edward in Santa Fe, N.M., for some margaritas in Old Town.”

Mike Wert backs up Art Sistare’s form note with his own: “Recently enjoyed a visit from Art and Sonya Sistare, who joined my wife Christy and me in a trip to Savannah and then down to New Smyrna, Florida, to visit our SPS football coach Bud Blake and his wife, Betty – it was great seeing them all!”

1975

Thomas C. Welch sent this tribute in December: “This has been a trying last 15 months, since the sudden death of my father, Stuart Cary Welch ’46. His passion for SPS was lifelong and we made sure to include the SPS hymn in the memorial service that we held at Harvard University on what would have been his 81st birthday. He touched so many as a student, scholar, and teacher at Harvard for almost 50 years.”

1977

Dick Soule e-mailed this Form update in December: “I have had the good fortune to hang with a bunch of you lately. Peter Mittnacht ’78 (aka Mitt) had a semi-surprise 50th birthday party in which Art Zeckendorf and George and Connie Gurney made fun of this half-century geezer at his house in N.J. Kate Mittnacht pulled off a great and swinging party. Artie ‘Zeck’ celebrated his 50th in style at his relatively new home off Central Park West. Fine wine, dubious toasts by Gurns, the Connies (Gurney and Zeckendorf) followed a great night. Charlie Finnie is crazy enough to invite Nicky Newlin, Gurns, Zeck, and Mitt to his ski pad in Kirkwood mid-January. We will try not to do a ‘Keith Moon’ to fit in that row?). As the greater Concord community is invited to attend, a crowd is always on hand for the candlelight, readings, and music. This year I was pleased to see Dave Ross in attendance, as well.

“It is worth quickly mentioning that 46 formmates have become members of the St. Paul’s School Form of 1979 Facebook group. Davitt Woodwell kicked off the SPS ’79 Haiku Project on the group page, which so far has attracted over 10 submissions.”

Kate Koeze writes: “I am still in Grand Rapids, Mich., with original issue husband, with one child a freshman at the University of North Carolina and one child a Sixth Former at SPS. I love following classmates’ goings on on Facebook – keep posting.”

1979

Form Director Dave Stevenson gathered this information: “St. Paul’s School holds a number of traditional events, including the Festival of Lessons and Carols service, and the ballet company performance of The Nutcracker. Lessons and Carols was held December 13, and my family and I were fortunate to find front row, Third Form seats in the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul (really, how does anyone fit in that row?). As the greater Concord community is invited to attend, a crowd is always on hand for the candlelight, readings, and music. This year I was pleased to see Dave Ross in attendance, as well.

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Kate Koeze writes: “I am still in Grand Rapids, Mich., with original issue husband, with one child a freshman at the University of North Carolina and one child a Sixth Former at SPS. I love following classmates’ goings on on Facebook – keep posting.”

Andy Kendall ’79 was in Brazil this past summer on a three-month sabbatical as a Barr Foundation Fellow.

[Image 44x556 to 288x721] James Milkey ’74 was sworn in as an associate justice of the Massachusetts Appeals Court in April. Jim (center) is pictured with Mass. Governor Deval Patrick and Attorney General Martha Coakley.

Dexter Brown passed along the following update: “I have given up my securities licenses after 22 years to concentrate on a five-year-old secondary business venture that’s not really very secondary anymore! I am a partner in a growing hospitality concept called Cafe Caturra (www.facebook.com/l/d74d1;www.cafecaturra.com). We are a Richmond–based fast-casual concept that serves hand-roasted coffee, boutique wines, and simple fresh food throughout the day. We have three locations at present and will be opening four more in 2010 in Florida, North Carolina and Virginia. I hope all of you will drop by for a visit if you find yourselves in Richmond.”

This from David von Gunten: “I am in Denver, Colo., where I have lived since graduating from the University of North Carolina in 1983. I am actually a native Coloradan. My wife Lisa and I have been married since 1987. We have two boys, Andrew and Reid. Andrew is in his first year at Cambridge University in England and Reid is a high school junior at Colorado Academy. I am a lawyer, and have been one since graduating from the University of Colorado Law School in 1987.”

Andy Kendall’s recent travels: “There’s nothing like a trip away to make one’s home come into focus. As many of you know, I’ve been on an amazing journey this summer – a three-month sabbatical as a Barr Foundation Fellow. Barr’s mission is to use knowledge, networks, and funding to build a better Boston for all. I was honored to participate, alongside 11 other Boston–area nonprofit leaders who focus on important elements of Boston’s quality of life, including education, the environment, housing, health care, youth development, and job training. In June, we shared the experience of a lifetime when we traveled to Brazil. We visited Sao Paulo, a city of more than 20 million people, where we met leaders and everyday people working to address the multitude of social and environmental challenges the city faces, particularly in its *favelas* – shantytowns inhabited by millions of people. And we spent time in rural areas, learning about the ways families and entire communities are working to improve social and environmental conditions. I was then able to travel to Peru on my own to meet with an environmental entrepreneur focused on improving the quality of life of urban and rural communities. It was a profound experience – one that challenged me to rethink how I imagine the world. I met people living in unbelievably difficult conditions who were still positive, engaged, and enthusiastic about creating a better world for themselves and their children.”

Carol Bryant’s December reflection: “Looking forward to a quiet Christmas and year end at home in Southern California with husband Robert and stepdaughter Erin after spending the Thanksgiving holiday in Cambodia and Vietnam. I take a solo ‘sanity trip’ each year, and service to others is always an important aspect of the trip. This year I returned to Siem Reap, Cambodia, drawn not by

On location in Savannah, Ga., in November, is John Bankson ’81, prop master on the film *The Conspirators*, with his son Walker (who has a small part in the film) and director Robert Redford.

Cecelia Dillon (left) born August 4, 2009 (8 lbs., 1 oz., 21 ½ inches), daughter of John Dillon ’92, at a December visit with Eleanor Smith, daughter of Mark Smith ’92 and Charlotte Martin Smith ’93.
the temples that had brought me there the first time, but by my involvement in a wonderful small grassroots charity. The Ponheary Ly Foundation (www.thePLF.org), to which I was introduced during my visit in 2006, is committed to removing the obstacles that prevent children in the poorest rural areas from attending school. The highlight of the trip was taking 21 primary school students and their teacher on a field trip. These children, from a rural village where their homes and school have no electricity, experienced a day of firsts, starting with the bus ride to Siem Reap (none had ridden in a car before and only two had been to Siem Reap) and ending with visits to three of the remarkable temples – Angkor Wat, Bayan, and Ta Phrom – that draw so many visitors to the area each year.

Words don’t begin to describe the experience. Ponheary Ly, Khmer Rouge survivor and namesake of the PLF, is inspiring. The kids are beautiful. The stories of the adversity overcome are daunting. The entire experience is uplifting, heartbreaking, humbling. I’m already looking forward to my next visit.”

1983

Russell B. Pierce, Jr. shares this recent accomplishment: “The Natural Resources Council of Maine awarded me with a 2009 Environmental Award. The award is given each year by NRCM to an individual or group ‘whose actions have made a real difference at the local or regional level in the protection of Maine’s environment.’ Check it out at www.nrcm.org.”

1984

Maja Paumgarten updates formmates after the reunion in May: “Half a year has passed since our 25th, and the memories are holding strong for me. I have been back at SPS five times this fall to visit my son John ‘12. The scent of the white pines (a favorite), the changing of the light and shadows on campus in the fall, and morning Chapel with the whole School bring back memories every visit. Recently, I have seen Theresa Ferns, Edith Pepper, Lynn Hawley, Elaine Thomas, Diane Dwyer, and Greg Selch, some in NYC and others on trips up to SPS.”

1987

Monique J. Washington dashed off this note: “I am enjoying working as a detective sergeant for the Chicago Police Department!”

1988

Meg MacRae has touring news: “I have been working in the film & music industry in Los Angeles for the last 11 years. I am currently the assistant tour manager for the Eagles, and I will be taking a new job as production coordinator for Bon Jovi for the touring year of 2010.”

and Emma (4) are doing well and I am enjoying my respite from the working world. If you are ever in the area, give a call!

1990

Charles Walker’s son, Angelo John Walker, was born on July 13, 2009.

1991

A family update from Shelly (Rudner) Foston: “My husband, Keith, and I were awarded custody of our niece this summer, and she is applying to St. Paul’s for Third Form next year. I imagine that makes me the first one from our year to have a child applying to St. Paul’s! We went for a tour and interview on September 28, and it was as beautiful as ever. Bailey, my niece, was blown away by the grounds, the music program, and by how friendly everyone was. We ran into Mr. Callahan and Mr. Seaton – nothing ever really changes.”

1993

Formmates Steve and Kristine (Kaneko) Lemay are “happy to announce that our son, Julian Kenji Lemay, was born on August 28, 2009, in San Francisco. We’re looking forward to visiting New Hampshire next summer to see family and hope to stop by St. Paul’s with Julian.”

1994

Nancy Dorn welcomed a new baby on August 7, 2009. Rufus Walker weighed in at 6 lbs., 11 oz. and measured 19.5 inches.

Jessica Barron Essary had a baby girl, Quincy Elizabeth, on September 25, 2009.

Claire Le Guen and husband, Pierre-Yves, proudly announce the birth of their son, Noam, on July 11.

Elizabeth Taylor welcomed a baby boy on August 31, 2009. Wesley Brooks Taylor weighed 7 lbs., 3 oz. and was 20 inches long.

1995

Amy Vanden-Eykel writes: “My husband Greg and I welcomed our first child, Abigail Hannah, on November 20, 2009, weighing in at 7 lbs., 2 oz. and measuring 18 1/2 inches. We are thrilled and completely smitten by her! We now live in Charlestown, Mass., where we moved after I graduated from Harvard Business School in 2008. I’m working for Staples Corporate Strategy and Greg is in his second year at Suffolk Law School. If anyone is in the Boston area, I’d love to catch up!”

Proud parents Amanda and Joe Zorumski welcomed Graham Sandy Zorumski on November 24, 2009. Baby Graham weighed in at 7 lbs., 15 oz. and was 19 1/2 inches long.

Jennifer Long writes with news of her marriage to Ken Baughman in October: “It has been a crazy few months! I
finished my Ph.D. in physiology at Yale in July and recently moved to Boston to start as a postdoctoral fellow at Harvard Medical School.”

Kenneth Kim added this form note in October: “Finished residency and just joined the good Dr. Alex Leigh as another fellow (in a different field – gynecology) on staff here at UAB Hospital in Birmingham. If anyone feels inclined to drop by Alabama, we’ll be here, hanging out together for a few years! Hope everyone is doing well.”

Austen Earl’s exciting news: “Tied the knot last May with the lovely Palmer Bunn (Lawrenceville ’97) on the island of St. Barth in the French West Indies. Since then have bought a house and been dodging the kid question like live jai alai balls.”

Sarah Carney Latini and her husband, Michael, welcomed their son, Benjamin Michael, into the world on July 12.

Miguel Payano is doing well in China, where he is collaborating with Paul Gelinas ’99 on the redesign of a bar in Beijing. He is also a finalist for the Sovereign Asian Art Prize in Hong Kong and he’ll be in a few art fairs and group shows this year.

Claude Mayo is finishing the halfway mark of his law degree and Ph.D. program at Penn State University. He continues to travel between Mass. and Pa. for school and to see family, including his lovely daughter, Clea Rylee, who is now five years old and has the grown-woman attitude to match.

Sun-Chuan Dai completed his residency at Cedars-Sinai in Los Angeles and is working for the time being at the Motion Picture and Television Fund. He is enjoying a few more months of Los Angeles before moving to Boston later this year for a fellowship in gastroenterology, where he hopes to catch up with Paulies outside of work.

After spending the year back in New Hampshire working on his brother’s campaign, Peter Sununu took a job with a company that sells tickets and travel packages for international soccer events called OleOle. Peter writes, “See you in South Africa in 2010!”

Javier Hidalgo is wrapping up the first half of his second year at school “and is in dire need of a drink!”

Ed Pena writes: “Sarah ‘00 and I are settled back in NYC after two amazing business school years in New Hampshire. Hoping to catch up with some formmates, so if you are dropping by let us know.”

Peter Kimball Brewitt and Kimberly Sarah Ballard-Perrin were married on June 20, 2009, at Yosemite National Park, Calif. Tucker Murphy, Peter’s SPS roommate, flew in from Chile for the wedding. It was a glorious day and a very happy one. Peter and Kim graduated from Dartmouth are both in Ph.D. programs at UC Santa Cruz.

Story Parker Schildge welcomed Douglas Kaighn Schildge (7lbs., 4 oz., and 19 inches) on November 24, 2009.

Severine von Tscharner Fleming recently received the “Organic Spirit Award” for her work advocating for young farmers. Severine is the director of a

Emma Acheson Koch ’03 and Colin Koch ’02, who met at St. Paul’s, were married on July 18, 2009, in Charlotte, Vt. Pictured are: (l. to r.) Kevin Child ’02, Wistar Wilson ’03, the groom and bride, Adam Dann ’02, and Elizabeth Fison ’03.

Laura Gilbert ’02 and Jeb Remus ’02 were married on May 24, 2009.

Peter Kimball Brewitt and Kimberly Sarah Ballard-Perrin were married on June 20, 2009, at Yosemite National Park, Calif. Tucker Murphy, Peter’s SPS roommate, flew in from Chile for the wedding. It was a glorious day and a very happy one. Peter and Kim graduated from Dartmouth are both in Ph.D. programs at UC Santa Cruz.

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Hudson Valley–based non-profit called the Greenhorns, which works to promote, recruit, and support young farmers. She is also director of a documentary film of the same name that will appear on the Discovery Channel in 2010. Inspired by Eco-Action at SPS, the Greenhorns host dozens of harvest festivals, young farmer mixers, and other educational/celebrational events around the country. Support for this work has come from the Flora Family Foundation, Newman’s Own Foundation, the Ben and Jerry Foundation, and many other private donations. Catch the Greenhorns next year in K-12 schools across the Northeast as part of a USDA program with Cornell University Extension. If you know any young farmers, or have land that you might want to lease to young farmers, go to the web site www.thegreenhorns.net or call 845–758–1155.

2001
Taylor Robinson reports he has seen many formmates throughout the fall, and all are doing well. Will Lynch was living and working in NYC until recently and has moved back home to Rumson, N.J., to coach high school basketball.

2002
Jackie Zider e-mailed a quick update in October: “Just moved to Boston in August and have already caught up with fellow ’02 alums – EC Cummings, Sarah (Bates) Johnson, Catharine Morgan, Kendall Spradley, and Amy Sanchez-Moran. Working in the financial district and enjoying living close to Newbury Street (probably enjoying the great stores and delicious restaurants a little too much!).”

Formmates Laura Gilbert and Jeb Remus were married on May 24, 2009, in El Paso, Texas. Laura’s sister, Meg, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids included Jeb’s sisters, Dana ’93 and Amy ’91. Reade Wilson and Jackie Zider also attended the wedding. Laura and Jeb now live in Somerville, Mass., where Jeb works for Microsoft and Laura works from home on her graduate degree in physics, occasionally commuting up to Dartmouth to meet with her advisor.

Elizabeth J. MacGregor with this update: “I’m thrilled to have graduated from U.C. Davis School of Law this year, having received the Order of the Coif. I recently passed the California bar and will begin at Paul, Hastings, Janofsky & Walker in January. For the past three months, I have been volunteering at the Center for Justice and Accountability, which works to prevent human rights abusers from finding safe haven in the U.S.”

2003
Anne Kari Brewitt: “I graduated from Cornell in 2009 and joined Four Seasons Hotels, first doing a training program with them around the world: Maldives, Bali, Koh Samui, Paris, Provence ... and now am working in Alexandria, Egypt, at the Four Seasons at San Stefano. Life is great!”
Death notices for alumni whose names are red appear in the following pages. The section was updated January 6, 2010.

1935—Charles Wilson Bulkley
February 11, 2009

1936—Wallace Irwin, Jr.
December 2, 2009

1936—George Sturges Oliver II
September 27, 2009

1936—Horatio Whitridge Turner III
August 31, 2009

1937—William Bell Watkins, Jr.
November 30, 2009

1940—Bayard LeRoy King
January 1, 2008

1941—William Stafford Bucknall
September 14, 2009

1942—Juan Randolph Mayer Cameron
June 25, 2009

1943—Samuel Bell, Jr.
November 25, 2009

1943—Robert Henry Bucknall
May 29, 2008

1943—Delancey Nicoll III
July 20, 2009

1944—Russell Cumming Cecil
July 24, 2009

1945—Charles Lee Andrews III
November 1, 2009

1946—William Chisholm, Jr.
May 9, 2009

1947—John Townsend Fownes
December 25, 2009

1947—John Andrews Harris IV
December 29, 2009

1950—Paul Carpenter Graves Dewey
June 4, 2009

1951—George Clymer Brooke, Jr.
August 16, 2009

1956—Francis Oakes Hunnewell
January 24, 2010

1956—John Heusted Pattie
October 11, 2009

1956—Peter Alexis Tatistcheff
September 2, 2009

1957—Archibald Graham Thomson, Jr.
November 7, 2009

1969—Charles Eric de Carbonnel
October 1, 2009

1972—Stephen Holden Krause
October 12, 2009

1979—Ames Cushing Tolleson
November 30, 2009

1980—Alexander McKean Coogan
January 15, 2010

1986—Andrew Page Ruscus
February 2009

Former Faculty John Archer
December 21, 2009

SEND IN A TRIBUTE
Honor your friends and loved ones in Alumni Horae. We accept any number of materials to help us in preparation of obituaries. You may send a copy of an obituary, your own written tribute, a note listing a few facts about the deceased, or an e-mail version of any of these. We also request that you send a photo for inclusion. Mail your information to: Editor, Alumni Horae, 325 Pleasant Street, Concord, NH 03301 or e-mail the information and photos to us at alumni@sps.edu.

1935
Charles Wilson Bulkley
of East Longmeadow, Mass., a retired career Monsanto executive, died on February 11, 2009, at the Holyoke (Mass.) Soldiers Home. He was 92, born in Manhattan on August 8, 1916, the son of Marion Wilson Bulkley and Charles Stone Bulkley (SPS 1901). He was raised in Short Hills, N.J., and attended the Fessenden School, West Newton, Mass., before entering the Third Form in 1931.

As a Sixth Former, he was an acolyte, an attendance warden, and a member of the Chess Club and the Year Book committee. He played on the Old Hundred first hockey team and the SPS hockey team. He earned Second Testimonials in 1932, 1933, and 1934 and received a cum laude diploma.

After graduating from Yale in 1939, where he received a B.S. degree from the Sheffield Scientific School, he joined the U.S. Naval Reserve in November 1940 and served as Assistant First Lieutenant aboard the light carrier U.S.S. Princeton (CVL-23) in raids on Tarawa, Bougainville, and the Gilbert Islands. He then became Damage Control Officer aboard the U.S.S. Coral Sea (CVL-57) in Marshall Islands, Western New Guinea, Marianas, Leyte, and Iwo Jima operations; in strikes on Japan; and in the occupation of Korea. He was discharged as a Lieutenant Commander in February 1946.

Mr. Bulkley worked for 37 years with Monsanto in both sales and research and development; he was a member of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers. He was a past president of the Connecticut Valley Yale Club and of the Western New England section of the Society of Plastic Engineers. He was involved in many
William Bell Watkins, Jr.

1937

William Bell Watkins, Jr., farmer, surveyor, horseman, Navy veteran died peacefully on November 30, 2009, in Berryville, Va., at the age of 92. Mr. Watkins was born on December 22, 1916, in Philadelphia, the son of Gladys Alden Mackay-Smith Watkins and William Bell Watkins. The family first came to Annfield, Clarke County, Va., in 1921.

After preparation at the Beasley School, Cooperstown, N.Y., he entered the Second Form in 1932. At the end of his Fifth Form year, he matriculated at the University of Maine, Orono, in the class of 1940, where he remained for two years before establishing a retail food business.

As he wrote in his Form’s 50th Reunion Records, “We are getting close to the war now, and I decided to undergo some preparation for becoming a naval officer and eventually entered the armed forces as an Ensign. I was accepted due to my small boat and coastwise cruising experience. They considered that valuable and potential for amphibious duty.”

Mr. Watkins served as Commanding Officer of the Landing Craft Infantry (Rocket) U.S.S. LCI–437, joining his ship in the Aleutian Islands. She was transformed into a rocket launcher in the Hawaiian Islands. He and his flotilla received commendations for outstanding heroism in action in support of amphibious landings on Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Saipan, Guam, Iwo Jima, and Tinian. He was discharged in September 1945 as a Lieutenant (j.g.).

After the war, he returned to the food business (retail and wholesale) and with his first wife, Gertrude Dougherty Watkins, bought the Shady Elm Mill near Winchester, Va., and ran it for a number of years. He also worked as a surveyor during the building of Dulles Airport. Later he farmed and raised cattle with his father. In his forties, he returned to college, earning a B.S. in biology at Shepherd College, Shepherdstown, West Va., in 1968.

An ardent sportsman, Mr. Watkins developed as a child a passion for hunting, fishing, sailing, riding, fox hunting, and carriage driving. He loved sailing on the Chesapeake Bay and off the coast of Maine, where he was a lifelong summer visitor on Mount Desert Island. Later he bred and raised paint and thoroughbred horses and a wide array of interesting and unusual animals and fowl. He was a regular member of the Blue Ridge (Fox) Hunt for many years. Later in life he liked nothing better than to show off and go on picnic drives with his wife, Anne, with his snappy pair of hackney horses hitched to one of his antique carriages.

He was involved with the restoration of the barge “Grace Darling,” the largest and handsomest of the three horse-drawn barges used to transport the various crews to and from Long Pond for many years. “Grace Darling” is now at the Stony Brook Museum on Long Island.

Mr. Watkins was a member of Christ Episcopal Church (Millwood), the Army and Navy Club, the Blue Ridge Hunt, the Carriage Association of America, and the Virginia Poultry Association, and was a founding member of the Piedmont Driving Club.

He is survived by his wife, Joyce Mallinger King; two children of his first marriage, Alexandra A. King-Nastase and George Gordon King; and four grandchildren.

Lockwood King

50th Reunion

1940

Bayard LeRoy King, a retired career Foreign Service Officer, died in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on January 1, 2008. Born in New York City on May 15, 1922, he was a son of Mary Isabel Lockwood King and LeRoy King (SPS 1901) and brother of the late Nicholas L. King ’42. He prepared for St. Paul’s at Fay School, Southborough, Mass., and entered the First Form in 1934. In his Sixth Form year, he was a member of the Library Association, the Choir, le Cercle français, and Delphian football and hockey teams.

He matriculated with the Harvard Class of 1944, but in 1942 volunteered as an ambulance driver with the British 8th and 9th Armies in Egypt, Syria, Libya, Tunisia, and the Western Desert. In 1943, he joined the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and served in Algeria and France. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre and left the OSS in August 1945.

Mr. King was posted in Baghdad, Arabia, Latin America, and Africa. He was Deputy Chief of Mission in Bamako and Kinshasa. In January 1975, he retired after 29 years of service. He maintained homes in Wyoming and Virginia before moving to New Mexico.

Survivors include his wife, Joyce Mallinger King; two children of his first marriage, Alexandra A. King-Nastase and George Gordon King; and four grandchildren.
1942
Juan Randolph Mayer Cameron

of Washington, D.C., and Southport, Maine, died, at the age of 84, on June 25, 2009, at his Washington home, of complications following back surgery. He was the son of Mary McLeod Cameron Mayer and Juan Randolph Mayer, born in Washington. He attended the Stuyvesant School, Warrenton, Va., before entering the Fourth Form in 1939.

As a Sixth Former, he was an acolyte and a member of the Missionary Society; he played on the Isthmian first football team and the second Isthmian hockey team and was a member of the SPS football team.

Mr. Cameron was a member of the Harvard class of 1946, graduating in 1948 after wartime service. He joined the Navy in August 1943, was a fighter pilot in VF 82 aboard U.S.S. Bennington (CV–20), and was discharged as an Ensign in August 1946. He was recalled for service (1952–54) during the Korean crisis.

He received an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School in 1956. He was a journalist and writer for St. Louis, Boston, and Washington newspapers and for magazines, including Atlantic Monthly, New Republic, and The Nation. He spent three years as a speechwriter on Capitol Hill. He was an economics writer for Time and Fortune and a board member and editor for Fortune in Washington. He also founded Cameron Productions (TV).

In his 50th reunion book Mr. Cameron wrote, “I have become best known where I live [D.C.] for two things that have little to do with my life. I won a very destructive ocean race in 1967, a victory that made the front page of the Washington Post mainly because I had finished dead, cold last in the previous Annapolis–Newport race. And I was shot by a young crack addict on my way to a crime meeting of the civic association I once headed . . . Mayor Marion Barry sent me a get-well balloon.”

He is survived by his wife, Nora Leake Cameron, with whom he was married on September 25, 1971; five children, Anne Flemming Gay Cameron, Juan R. M. Cameron, Jr., Mary Elizabeth Cameron, Nora Christian Skye Cameron, Roderick Leake Cameron; and ten grandchildren. A son, Mark McLeod Cameron ‘70, died in 2007.

1943
Samuel Bell, Jr.

After working for The Miami Herald (1948–59), he started his own advertising agency, Bell & Saunders, Inc., in Coral Gables, Fla. An avid yachtsman and a long-standing member of the Cruising Club of America, he spent many years sailing with his wife, Anne Ludington Bell, on his beloved sailboat Blue Angel. He was a trustee of the Everglades School for Girls in Miami and the M.S. Board of Dade County, Fla. (Miami).

Besides his wife of 61 years, he is survived by a daughter, Tiffany Bell (Richard Gluckman); three sons, Samuel Bell III, Charles L. Bell ’70, Nicholas S. Bell; and two granddaughters, Nell Gluckman and Marina Gluckman.

1943
Delancey Nicoll III
died at Togus Veterans Administration Hospital, Augusta, Maine, on July 20, 2009, of complications of diabetes. He was 84, the son of Alma Hayde Nicoll and Delancey Nicoll, Jr., born in New York City on August 29, 1924. His early childhood was spent on Long Island, and he attended Stuyvesant School, Warrenton, Va., before entering the Second Form.

Like many young men before him en route to SPS for the first time, he had not been told he would have to go from South Station to North Station in Boston, but he found his way. It was the weekend of the famous September hurricane of 1938, when, for the first three days of the fall term, there were no classes and everyone turned to clearing away the debris that littered the School grounds.

He was a member of the Choir, the Dramatic Club, the Missionary Society, the Concordian Literary Society, and the Scientific Association. As a Sixth Former, he coached the Lower School Isthmian football team. He earned Second Testimonials in 1941, 1942, and 1943 and graduated cum laude.
He matriculated with the Princeton Class of 1947 and graduated in 1948 as a European history major. He continued to be a student of history all his life.

In October 1943, he enlisted as an Aviation Cadet in the U.S. Navy’s flight training program, from which he was discharged in October 1945. Recalled to the service in 1952, he was a Naval gunfire liaison attached to the First Marine Division FMF (REINF) in Korea, and then from 1953 to 1956 he was an instructor at the Naval Gunfire Support School, Little Creek, Va. He left the service as a Specialist “G” (Gunnery) in 1956 and continued as a Lieutenant in the Reserve.

For many years, Mr. Nicoll worked as a sales engineer of heavy oil equipment on Long Island, N.Y. He took early retirement and moved to his summer home in Meredith, N.H., in 1981 and later to Scarborough, Maine.

In retirement, he and his wife researched, reproduced, and marketed a 120-year-old potato masher, which the family of at least one SPS faculty member bought and used successfully for many years.

While living on Long Island, Mr. Nicoll served on the Islip Bicentennial Committee. In Meredith he was a member of the Planning Board and president of the Meredith Library. From 1988 to 1990 he was president of the board of the New Hampshire State Library in Concord. He was adjutant of the American Legion and for over 50 years an active Mason.

1944
Russell Cumming Cecil
architect and champion of historical preservation and the arts, of Rye, N.Y., died, of cancer, on July 24, 2009, in Stamford, Connecticut, at the age of 82.

He was the son of Eileen Cumming Cecil and Russell L. Cecil, born on October 6, 1926, in Manhattan and raised on the Upper East Side but a resident of Rye, N.Y., most of his adult life. He was educated at home, then at the original Rudolph Steiner School, and at St. Bernard’s School before entering the Third Form in 1940 as a St. Paul’s School Entrance Scholar.

In 1941, he earned a First Testimonial and the 1st Dickey Prize in English; in 1942 a First Testimonial and the 1st Dickey Prize in Sacred Studies; and a Second Testimonial in 1943, graduating cum laude in June 1943 under the accelerated wartime schedule.

He entered Yale University in the Class of 1947, where he was active in the post-war revival of the Yale Dramat and the Yale Lit. He received his B.A. in 1947 and then his M.A. in architecture in 1949 from the Yale School of Art and Architecture.

A contemporary architect who studied with the master Louis Kahn, Mr. Cecil was primarily a designer of private residences; for example, he was from 1958 to 1962 the project architect at LaFarge, Knox, and Murphy for the Caneel Bay Plantation, St. John, Virgin Islands – a Rockefeller Resort. While working at Philip Ives Associates, he received an Honor Design Award for religious architecture in 1970 for his work on the Chapel of St. Jude in Washington, D.C. In 1972, he was the recipient of a Residential Design Award from the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects (AIA) and in 1973 a Merit Award from the American Society of Landscape Architects.

With Charles Evans Hughes III, he formed Cecil Hughes Architects; after Hughes’s death in 1985, he partnered with Chandler Pierce to form Cecil Pierce and Associates, Architects, which continues today with offices in New York, London, and Hong Kong. He was also president of Rose Cumming, a New York-based interior design business.


With his wife, the former Nancy Ake, and four other couples, he started the Rye Art Center in 1960, a nonprofit committed to art education. Over the years, Mr. Cecil served on the boards of the Rye Library, Rye Planning, Rye Landmarks Advisory, the Westchester Arts Council, and the literary journal Poets & Writers. He was honored in June 2009 for his support of the Jay Heritage Center, an 1838 historic house in Rye, and other cultural institutions.

He is survived by his wife, with whom he was married in 1951; a daughter, Sarah Carter Cecil ’73; two sons, Russell Cecil and Andrew Stuart Cecil; and six grandchildren: Sam, Jack, Annie, and Clare Cecil; and Carter and Missouri Alice Williams.

1946
William Chisholm, Jr.

of Gates Mills, Ohio, and Brooklin, Maine, vice president of the Alumni Association 1977–80 and active in alumni affairs, died on May 9, 2009, of heart failure due to complications of the larynx, at the age of 80. The son of Jane Palmer Chisholm and William Chisholm II ’20, he was born on June 1, 1928, in Cleveland, Ohio. After preparation at Cleveland’s University School, he entered the Second Form in 1941.
As a Sixth Former, he was a supervisor; treasurer of the Dramatic Club; and a member of the Cadmean Literary Society, the Missionary Society, the Choir, the Glee Club, the Pictorial board, and the attendance committee.

A 1950 graduate of Yale, he served as a Sergeant, U.S. Corps of Engineers, in the U.S.A. and Japan, and received the Korean Service Medal.

Beginning in 1955, Mr. Chisholm worked as an insurance broker in Cleveland for Wilson McBride & Co., which merged with Johnson & Higgins, which merged with Marsh McLennan. He retired in 1993 as a vice president. He wintered at Ocean Ridge, Fla.

In Gates Mills, he was a trustee and president of the Historical Society and a trustee and president of the Improvement Society. He was active in the Arthritis Foundation Telethon and Planned Lifetime Assistance Network of Northeast Ohio (PLAN), an organization devoted to assisting people affected by mental illness and their families.

Mr. Chisholm was an SPS Regional Representative 1971–88, a member of the Spouse Parents Committee 1972–76, the Form of 1946 Form Director 1974–80, and the Form of 1946 Form Agent 1996–2008.

Survivors include his wife, Jane Williams Chisholm, with whom he was married on July 18, 1953; three sons, William Chisholm, with whom he was married on May 6, 1961; two sons, Paul C.G. Dewey, Jr., and Frederick N.D. Dewey; three grandchildren; and a brother, Reid H. Chisholm ’09.

1950 Paul Carpenter Graves Dewey

a former chancellor of the Philadelphia Bar Association who pushed for legal reforms and innovations, died on June 4, 2009, of a heart attack, at his home in Newtown Square, Pa. He was 77. The son of Carol Carpenter Dewey and John Dewey ’20, he was born on November 13, 1931, at Bryn Athyn, Pa., and educated in the Wyndmore public schools before entering the First Form in 1944. He was an acolyte, president of La Junta, and a member of the Cadmean Literary Society, the Missionary Society, the Glee Club, and club first football, first hockey, and track teams. He graduated as a Fifth Former in 1949.

At Princeton, he was involved with rugby and hockey and graduated in 1953. He received his law degree from the University of Pennsylvania School of Law in 1956. From 1956 to 1958, he was a Claims Officer and Legal Assistant Officer on the Army Legal Staff at White Sands, New Mexico, Missile Range.

Mr. Dewey was executive director of the Philadelphia Bar Association for three years before joining the Philadelphia law firm of Blank Rome. During his 30 years at the firm, he had his term as Chancellor in 1978 and urged several reforms, including allowing television cameras into the city’s courtrooms, selecting judges by merit not election, and boycotting private clubs that denied membership to women and minorities. He later formed his own law firm in Newton Square.

He was a board member of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, a fundraiser for the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and trustee and chairman of the executive committee of Hahnemann Medical College.

Mr. Dewey was a member of First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, chairman of the board of the Gladwyne Montessori School, and a fundraiser for Haverford School and St. David’s Church.

He is survived by his wife, Alexandra Davies Dewey, with whom he was married on May 6, 1961; two sons, Paul C.G. Dewey, Jr., and Frederick N.D. Dewey; three grandchildren; and a brother, Nelson Dewey ’49.

1951 George Clymer Brooke, Jr.

of Chestnut Hill, Pa., died August 16, 2009, age 76, at Warminster, Pa., of cancer. The son of Madeline R. Blackburn Brooke and George Clymer Brooke ’24, he was born on April 19, 1933, in Philadelphia. He attended Wyndcroft School, Pottstown, Pa., before entering the Second Form in 1946.

At School he was involved with the Choir and the Library Association. He was a supervisor, played Isthmian soccer, junior varsity and SPS hockey, and rowed on the SPS crew.

He graduated from Yale, an English major, in 1955, where he captained the varsity hockey team and had a distinguished career on Saybrook College’s soccer, tennis, crew, and touch football teams. He was also named a Saybrook Senior Counselor. From 1955 to 1957 he was a First Lieutenant in the Army Field Artillery, at Fort Sill, Okla., and Fort Knox, Ky. He continued to play hockey with amateur and club teams in Kentucky and Philadelphia.

Mr. Brooke began his business career as a steel foundry salesman, shifted to banking, mostly commercial lending in the San Francisco area, retiring in 1998. He leaves his wife, Dencie McNichols Brooke, with whom he was married on July 18, 1987; a daughter, Anita B. Beck; two sons, George Clymer Brooke III ’79 and Anthony Carpenter Brooke ’87; seven grandchildren; a brother, Morris Randall Brooke ’53; and nieces, nephews, and cousins.
Eliza Griswold ’91: Life on the Religious Fault Line

Just a few weeks removed from her life as a New York-based freelance journalist, Eliza Griswold ’91 was on the ground in Waziristan, the tribal region between Afghanistan and Pakistan, when the United States launched attacks on Afghanistan in response to September 11, 2001.

“Since 2001, being an American has become a lethal kind of passport to hold — and understandably so,” says Griswold, a journalist and poet based in Rome this year, where the New America Foundation fellow is working on a nonfiction book under the purview of the Rome Prize.

The book, The Tenth Parallel: Dispatches from the Fault Line between Christianity and Islam, explores religion-based clashes along the ideological line stretching across two continents and 19 countries — from Africa to Asia — where Christianity and Islam collide.

“One thing we don’t understand is how, in the developing world, religion — no matter what the religion is — becomes a way to moderate an individual or a community and the relationship to the world so that what looks to us like the questions of Islam and Islam’s future is much more a question for all religions, including Christianity,” she explains. “One of the hopeful signs I’ve seen in places where people have fought is that once people have lost enough in a small community, they do tend to coexist.”

Griswold has spent much of the last five years on either side of the incendiary fault line about which she writes, covering everything from the war on terror to social and economic issues to global warming to cannibalism. Her coverage has taken her to Africa, Asia, and the Middle East, among other places.

After earning a master’s in poetry from Johns Hopkins (“Poetry allows me to write about things I don’t understand whereas, in journalism, it’s pretty important on the page to have a sense of what you’ve seen.”), Griswold continued her studies at Columbia University before dropping out to work full-time for author/columnist George Plimpton (father of Taylor ’94) at the Paris Review.

“It was really there that I started to see what George called ‘participatory journalism,’” she says. “I was interested very early on in human rights issues.”

A stint as an editorial assistant at Vanity Fair came before Griswold got her first byline in the London Sunday Times, which published her freelance piece about Middle Eastern families who kill their daughters in the name of honor.

When September 11 unfolded, Griswold provided coverage for the London paper and “two weeks later, I was in Pakistan, in the refugee camps, with the dust of the World Trade Center on my feet,” she recalls. “One thing has led to another, but I still report on how cultural and social values are interconnected.”

Griswold credits her SPS education as much as her religious exposure at home — she is the daughter of the Most Rev. Frank T. Griswold ’55, former presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church — with laying her journalistic foundation.

“Pretty early on we were encouraged to explore the relationship between faith and intellect at St. Paul’s, where we had to take religion in the Fifth Form,” she recalls. “The kind of questions we asked in class provided the framework for me to ask the questions I ask every single day.”

Over the last decade, Griswold has covered subtle atrocities as often as overt ones. “I’ve seen firsthand that people are capable of anything,” she says. In Northern Africa, Griswold has witnessed the impact of global climate change on migrant workers of developing nations — where the possibility of conflict is superseded by the instinct for survival.

“One thing [not covered enough] is the degree to which people in developing nations pay in really visceral ways for climate change,” she says, “because people who depend on fields or forests for their own survival are directly affected by concepts that seem mostly intellectual to us. I’ve seen this mostly in Northern Africa, where people are nomads who have to keep moving to get water and save their cows. Moving to survive tends to lead them to conflict with people who live in these other places. When you can no longer predict the season for planting crops or moving your herd, small changes can be lethal.”

Some situations to which she bears witness are a paradoxical mixture of brutality and altruism — for example, a Somali man who opens his home to severely mentally disabled adults and children but keeps them chained to their beds.

“It looked like the greatest cruelty one could imagine, but it was both cruel and kind at once,” she says. “It’s those types of moments that can’t be reduced to one thing that keep me doing the work I do.”

Eliza Griswold, a fellow at the New America Foundation, received a 2010 Rome Prize from the American Academy in Rome. Her work has appeared in The New Yorker and The New York Times Magazine, among others. A 2007 Nieman Fellow at Harvard, she was awarded the Robert I. Friedman Award for investigative reporting. Her poetry collection, Wideawake Field, was published by FSG in 2007.
Sam Beard ’57

Samuel Beard ’57 is a lifelong public servant, who has initiated and chaired programs for each of the last seven presidents of the United States – Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan, George H.W. Bush, Bill Clinton, and George W. Bush. He founded and remains chairman of the National Development Council, a non-profit organization dedicated to redeveloping urban and rural low-income communities. In 1972, he established the Jefferson Awards for Public Service to create a Nobel Prize in that field. In 1992, Mr. Beard originated the President’s Student Service Awards, which have enticed thousands of young Americans into service.

Q How did you get started in public policy?
A It all started for me with a big idea. In 1968, all the New York City banks combined were not lending $1 million to black and Hispanic businesses. This country is about dreams and ideas so there was something wrong with that. The idea was to find one volunteer with financial experience and link that person with a black or Hispanic person in business. That’s what we did and, in two years, we had 3,000 volunteers. By the end of it, the banks were lending $40–$50 million. It was pretty historic, but I didn’t think of it that way at the time.

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Q What happened from there?
A A friend suggested that I go to Washington and try to make what we were doing a program of the new President Nixon. I figured I’d better write it all up and research it so I did a 20–page proposal and, in the middle of it, I created a chart. If you don’t have a 20–page proposal for the president, you’ll never get anywhere because the proposal means you are taken seriously, but no one’s ever going to read it. It’s funny to me that you do all the research and a simple picture ends up as the critical part.

My proposal was to increase total deposits in the nation’s minority banks by $50 million. I was told that for it to be presidential, the goal needed to be $100 million. I said that coming over to the White House I checked my savings account and $50 million was the largest number I could dream up after that. I then said that if they would give me the privilege of being chairman of a program of the president of the United States, I would succeed. I said how about if you announce $50 million and I’ll do everything I can to deliver the $100 million? They thought it was funny. I wasn’t trying to be funny.

Q You created the Jefferson Awards for Public Service with Jackie Kennedy. How did that come about?
A Because I had worked with Bobby Kennedy, I would see Jackie a few times a year. I was at a cocktail party in 1972, and Jackie asked me what I was thinking about these days. I said I thought there should be a Nobel Prize for public service. Jackie went on and on about how she and President Kennedy understood that the strength of the country is neighbors helping neighbors in local communities. It was startling because she went on for 20 minutes and that never happens at a cocktail party. I said I’d set it up if she’d agree to chair it. At that time, Jackie was saying no to everything. [Her niece] Kathleen Kennedy Townsend is on the board of the Jeffersons now and later said it was a miracle that Jackie said yes.
Q What was your personal experience with the various presidents with whom you worked?

A What you read in the newspaper or see on television is what you get. With Richard Nixon, it was interesting because his reputation was "Tricky Dick." I never ran into any shenanigans, but a lot of our relations with the top Nixon people totally fit that. Jimmy Carter was famous for infinite detail to a point of not being presidential. They very nicely called me over to the White House to meet with the top domestic guy and there they had a map in the White House of the grand concourse and the question was: Should they put the trees on the northwest corner of the concourse or the southeast corner? It was micro-management to a tee. Ronald Reagan was the opposite; he was big picture. I would meet him and he was just like you see him – larger than life with a wonderful way with people. Reagan dreamt up most of the stuff he wanted to do and then he stayed on point.

Q What was your biggest business left unfinished?

A I spent 12 years trying to change the national Social Security system. My whole life has been opening doors of equal opportunity so I wanted to try to find a way to open up the income that comes from savings and equities for all Americans. Bill Clinton was the president in 1998 and said we would change Social Security the next year. The Monica Lewinsky story basically stopped Social Security reform. We then tried it with George W. Bush – he would have done it and then came September 11.

Q What’s next for you?

A I’m going to work full-time on the Jefferson Awards through June 2012 and turn it over to a new executive director. Then we will take an idea, which we call GIFT (Global Investment For Tomorrow), and try to double charity around the world.

Q Who is your favorite president?

A I don’t know. The easiest to work with was Reagan, but I have the greatest respect for every president of the United States and the privilege of working with them is terrific.
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